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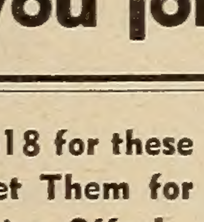
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ON THE COVER, ELIZABETH TAYLOR, STARRING IN "FATHER OF THE BRIDE," METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER FILM

AUGUST, 1950

VOLUME FIFTY-FOUR
NUMBER TEN

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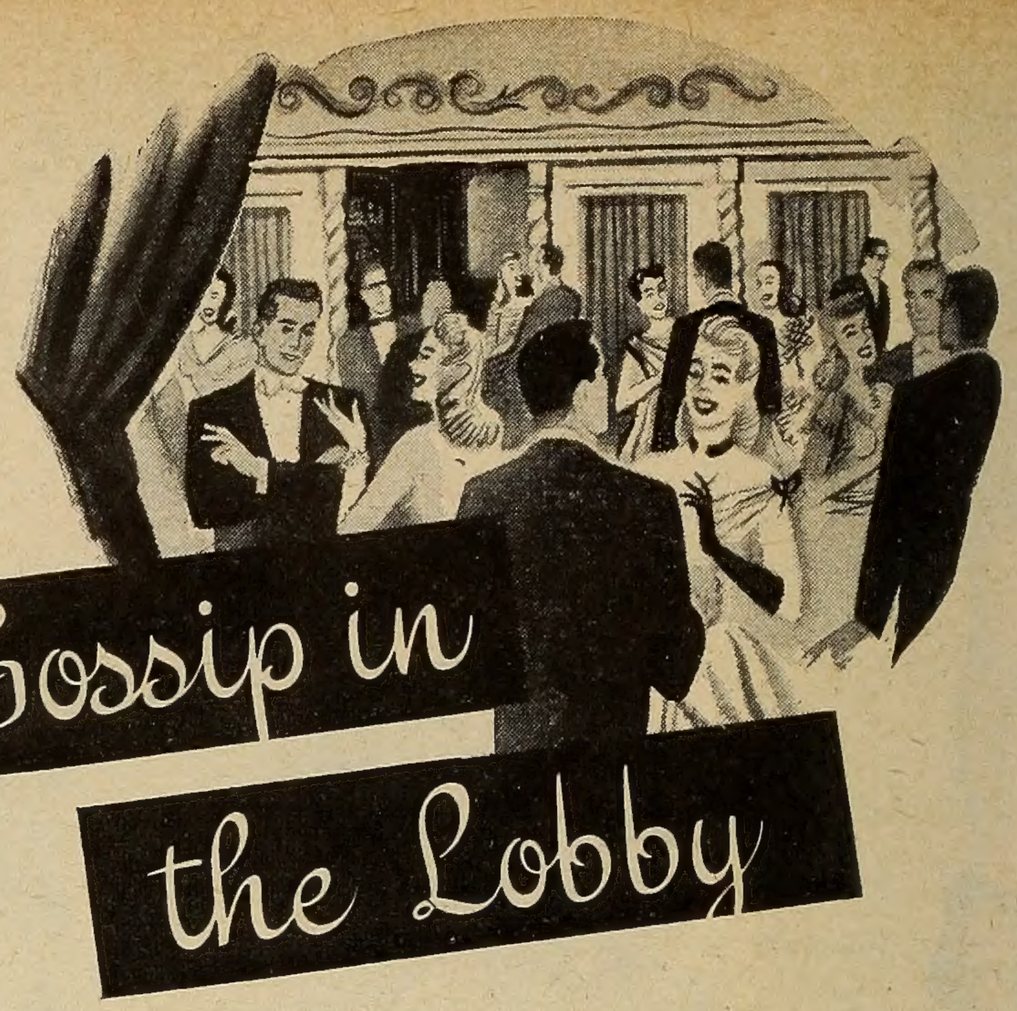
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By Helen Hendricks



Gossip in the Lobby



Left: Jerry Lewis gives an impersonation of "Francis" for Donald O'Connor and Hal March. Zany Lewis is now in Hal Wallis' "My Friend Irma Goes West."

Below: Joan Caulfield and her groom, Producer Frank Ross, cut the wedding cake at reception following their recent marriage. He's Jean Arthur's ex-husband.

VAN and Evie Johnson had themselves a time in England when they went for the British premiere of MGM's "Battleground." Seems Princess Margaret was but dying to meet Van and it was arranged through the very attractive and social Sharman Douglas. My spies tell me their evening out was *très gai*, with dinner and dancing clean through till the early morning hours. Van and Evie also spent a weekend with Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh at their place in the country and later dined with the suave Noel Coward. Van's the kind of guy who forgets his own importance as a celebrity and gets a great thrill from meeting glamourous people, so I reckon he's a happy character.

* * *

Bossman Howard Hughes of RKO is so sold on Janet Leigh as an actress that he's practically kidnaped her from her home lot—MGM. And Janet's right thrilled over the fact that she's going into a musical which will give her a chance to sing on screen for the first time. She did quite a lot of spade work to get the opportunity, the little smoothie. Seems that between every scene of "Jet Pilot," Janet exercised her lungs good and loud. So naturally visiting studio execs heard her and when "Two Tickets To Broadway" was put on the production slate they remembered that the gal was a canary and she was in. Janet and her beau, Arthur Loew,



Below: Ruth Warrick and Carl Neubert gayly toast each other at their wedding reception.




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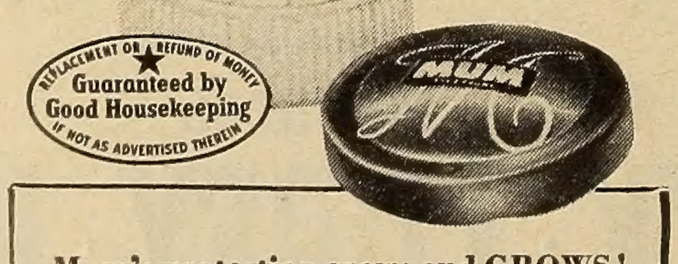


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Brod Crawford admires portrait of himself by Nick Volpe for Beverly Hills Brown Derby.

Jr., have developed a song-and-dance routine which they are always glad to do at the drop of a benefit—and they do all right, too.

* * *

When Gordon MacRae went to Washington, D. C., on a p.a. for the Brothers Warner he phoned his grandmother, Mrs. Janet MacRae, in New York and asked her how she'd like to fly back to Hollywood with him for a visit. The lady, who is only 88, accepted with alacrity and bustled around to get ready for her first airplane ride and her introduction to the film capitol.

* * *

Joan Crawford's kids whipped her up a good-luck offering for the opening day of "Harriet Craig," her new pic for Columbia. The g.l.o. consisted of four horseshoes garlanded with flowers which the young 'uns plucked from the Crawford garden.

* * *

Among Howard Duff's many rabid admirers *(including your columnist)* is one who generates a great and disturbing air of mystery. Evidently, the admirer is a close neighbor of his and knows a lot about the guy, especially that he's mad for cats. When Duffy opened his mailbox one morning wot does he find but a tiny Persian kitten *and* a lovely-dovey note. He's had the notes before but this live stuff is kinda bewildering and he's glad he isn't crazy for elephants. *(Please turn to page* 10*)*

Janet Leigh doing her best to cheer up despondent-looking date, John Agar, at Ciro's.



"The woman goes with me," he shouted

AND A THOUSAND FLAMES LIGHTED HIS WAY..!

All the adventure a man can live he lives!... Two breathless hours of the most far-flung excitement ever within theatre walls!

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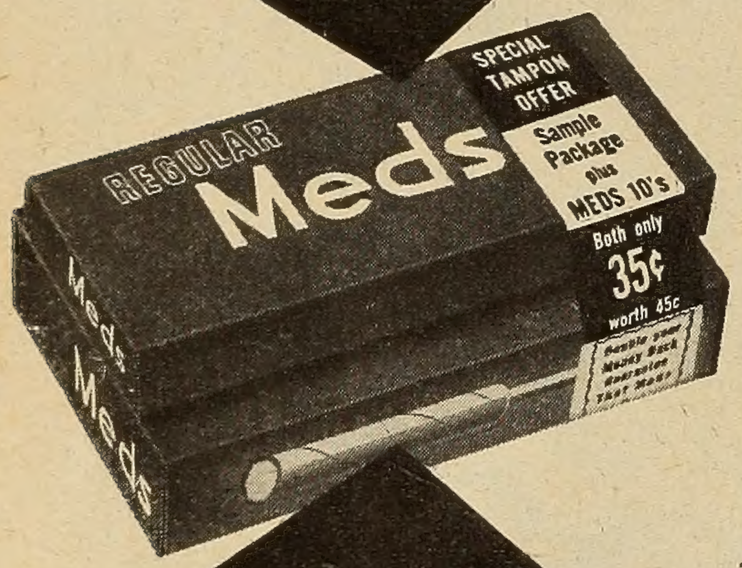
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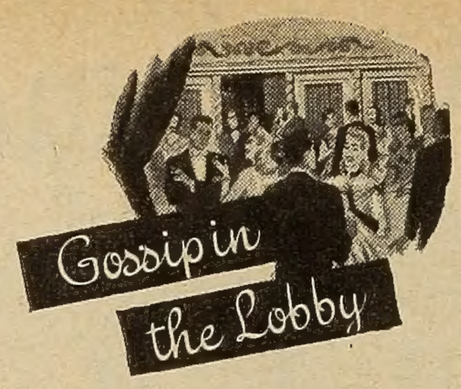
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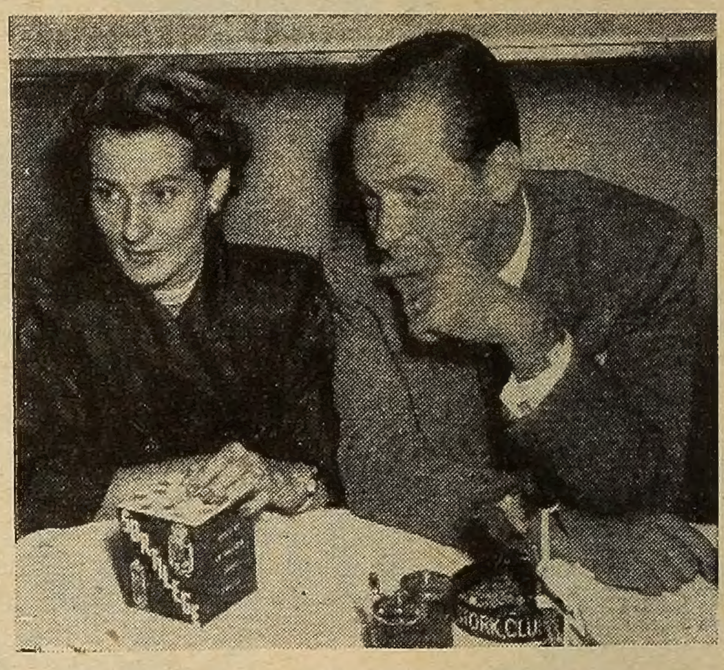
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Buddy Baer, with wife, columnist May Mann, bids goodbye to Eddie of Leon and Eddie's as he leaves N. Y. for Rome to appear as Ursus, giant slave in spectacular epic "Quo Vadis."

We spent a mad, wonderful, gay afternoon with Rosalind Russell not so long ago and caught her looking chic as usual in a veddy handsome print bathing suit, which is her gardening costume. She brang us the very first bloom off the rose bush which was named the *Rosalind Russell* and, being an authority on rose varieties, we are just coming right out and saying this delicate pink number is one of the most beautiful. We got devilish, too—she had a glass of ginger ale and we wildly dissipated with a glass of water.



Bill Holden and wife, formerly Brenda Marshall, at Stork Club on trip to Manhattan.



Luscious Corinne Calvet, one of the reasons you mustn't miss, "My Friend Irma Goes West."

Ann Blyth was scared stiff that she'd lose her voice when her tonsils were removed, but everything is okay and U-I has decided at last to let the little gal do some singing in a picture, still untitled. High time, we say, on account of she's really one of the best of the young warblers in the business.

* * *

Start rummaging in your grandmother's trunk, gals, on account of a new fad is on the way. We're supposed to start carrying fans again yet. And one femme in Hollywood is all prepared for the craze. She's Faith Domergue, who has one of the best collections anywhere. Lots of them were acquired in South America while Faith and hubby Hugo Fregonese were living there. She's got one for every outfit and, what's more, she carries 'em when she's gussied up. They're mighty good flirting fodder. Faith, we hear, is terrific in her new picture, "Where Danger Lives," and her leading man is RKO's prize boy, Bob Mitchum. *(Please turn to page 16)*



Roy Rogers with Trigger trophy for second Nat'l Safety Campaign for Elementary Schools.

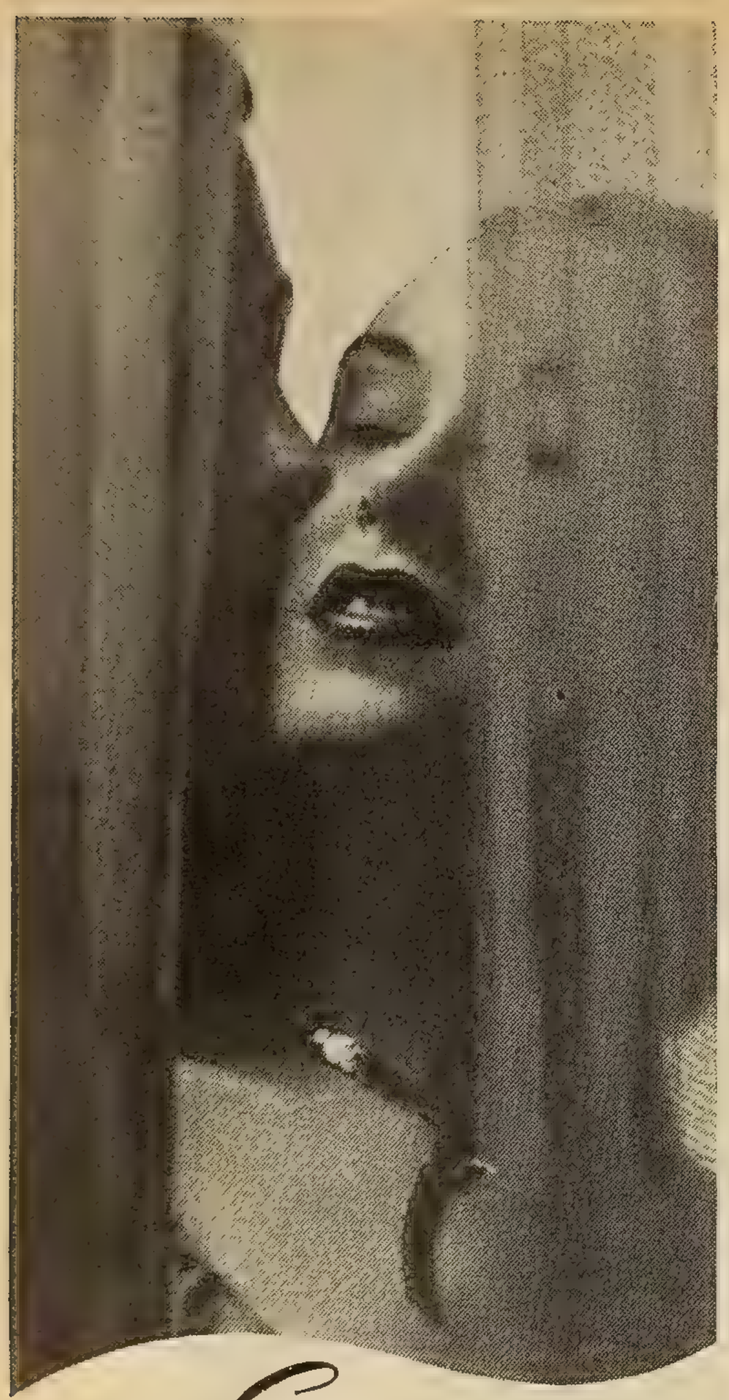
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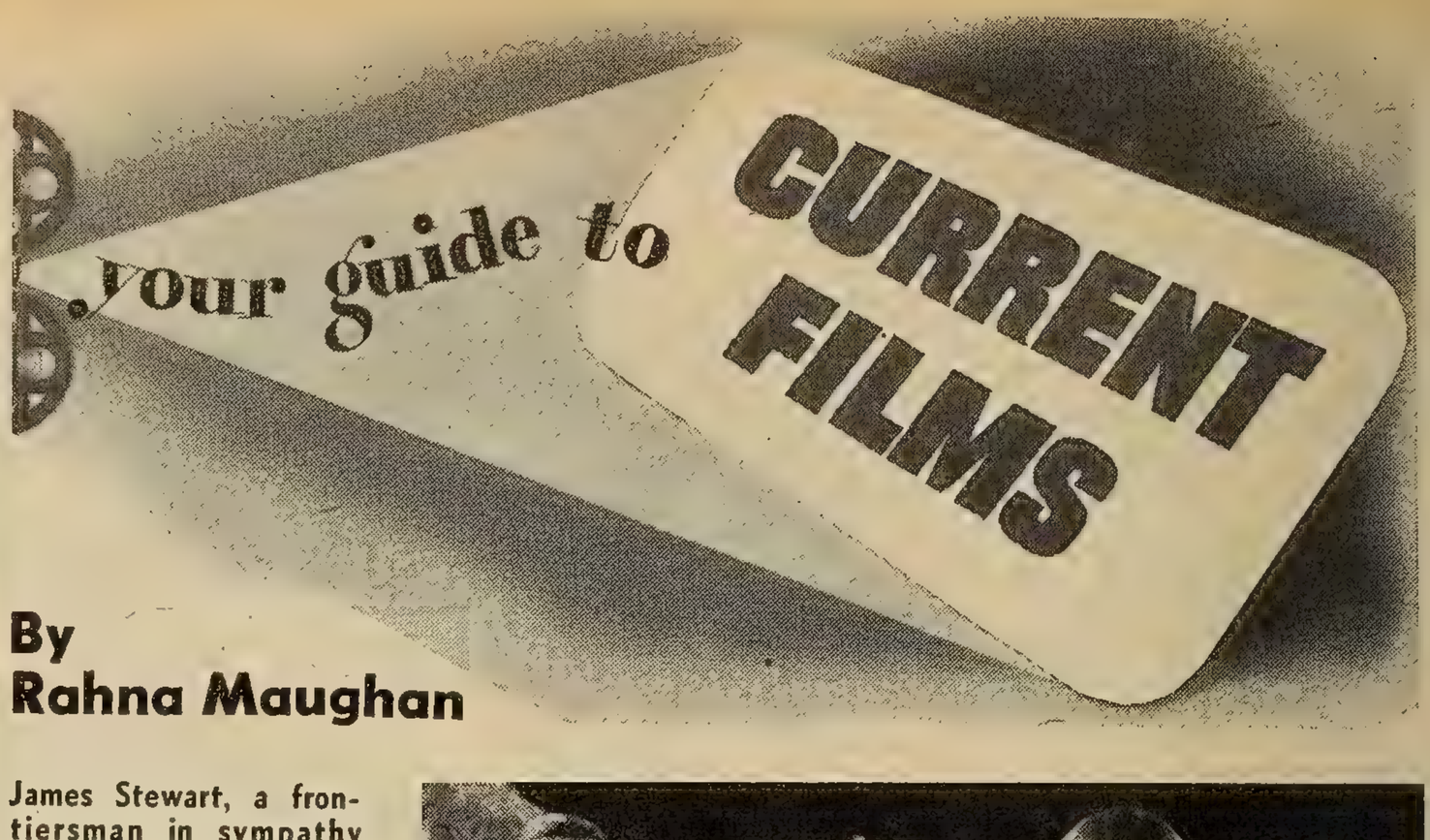
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(2) *Stays on longer*...longer than any lipstick you have ever used.

(3) *Comes in enchanting colors*—the pink of perfection, Tangee Pink Queen—and six other glamour shades.



THE New Tangee LIPSTICK



By Rahna Maughan

James Stewart, a frontiersman in sympathy with the Apache cause, falls in love with and marries Indian maid Debra Paget in "Broken Arrow," unusual Western.



Spencer Tracy and Elizabeth Taylor in "Father Of The Bride." Spence is terrific as the harassed father who tries to remain sane during pre-wedding fol-de-rol.



Broken Arrow
(Technicolor)

20th Century-Fox

NOT just a Western or an "Indian" picture, it's one of the most sensitively drawn films of the era when the white men and the Indians resented one another with bitter hatred. For years, savage wars were waged between the Apaches and settlers of Arizona. Out of the debris of death, torture and destruction rose a mutual trust and understanding between two men: frontiersman James Stewart and Jeff Chandler, leader of the Apaches. Both saw into the future and both knew the impossible would have to take place: a peace treaty, even though their peoples distrusted such a move. How Stewart and Chandler attained the impossible is something to be seen, rather than told. Exceptional in every way, including the tender romance between Stewart and Indian maid Debra Paget, this leaves nothing to be asked for.

Night And The City

20th Century-Fox

FILMED in London with American stars Gene Tierney, Richard Widmark and Hugh Marlowe, this shows a



Gertrude Lawrence is shocked by son Arthur Kennedy's outburst in "The Glass Menagerie." Jane Wyman and Kirk Douglas are also starred in the dramatic picture.

side of London far different from that which is ordinarily seen. It digs deep into the dregs of human society and comes up with Widmark, a cheap clip joint employee who dreams big, but who hasn't a shilling to back it. Sans morals or scruples, Widmark finally maneuvers himself into being a wrestling promotor, plays it straight for a while, then the Double-X backs him up against an insurmountable wall. Unsavory characters (*except Miss Tierney, of course*), unpleasant surroundings and thoroughly vicious doings create a memorable picture not to be viewed lightly.

Patricia Neal and Gary Cooper toast each other after their marriage in "Bright Leaf."



Storm Warning

Warner Brothers

VISITING her sister, Doris Day, in a small Southern town, Ginger Rogers is an unintentional eyewitness to a cold-blooded lynching by a band of Klu Klux Klanners. Doris' husband, Steve Cochran, is one of the hooded murderers, but because Ginger fears her sister's life will be ruined, she withholds all the information from county prosecutor Ronald Reagan. Having thus protected him from the authorities, Cochran decides Ginger goes for him and attempts to seduce her. His innate rottenness adds up to Ginger seeing how wrong she was in not telling Reagan the truth. By then, it's too late. A frightening example of the Klan in action, with Cochran's performance especially good.

(Please turn to next page)

Mike Mazurki about to settle a score with Richard Widmark in "Night And The City."





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Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!*

Naturally, you'd like to have a healthier, more wholesome mouth. And you *will* have, if you do what dentists advise: fight not only tooth decay but *gum troubles*, too.

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

No other tooth paste—ammoniated or any other—has been proved more effective than Ipana *to fight tooth decay*. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—*promote healthier gums*.

So be *sure* of double protection—keep your whole mouth "Ipana wholesome."

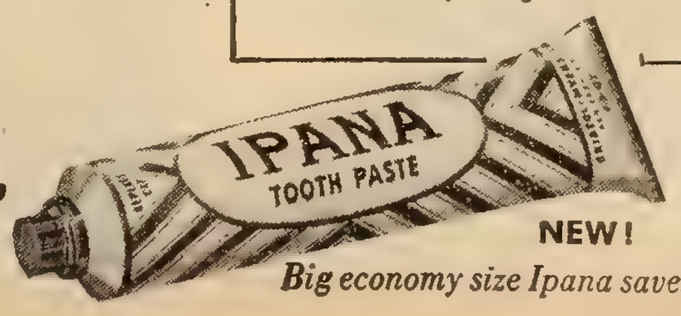


"I have lots of confidence in Ipana . . . it's made by Bristol-Myers,"
says Miss Pat Barnard of Great Neck, N. Y.

Bristol-Myers, makers of Ipana Tooth Paste, have worked with leading dental authorities for many years on scientific studies of the teeth and gums. You can use Ipana with complete confidence that it provides effective care for teeth and gums *both*. It's another reliable Bristol-Myers product.

IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums



NEW!

Big economy size Ipana saves you up to 23¢

for lasting
PIN CURL BEAUTY...



DeLong bob pins
stronger grip—won't slip out

You don't need a flair for hair styling to set this newest hair fashion. It's a breeze with De Long bob pins. Alluring, natural curls last longer, for De Long's grip holds hair tighter. Take the blue De Long card home today.

***How to set the "U" Bob**—styled by Mr. Larry, eminent New York hairdresser...*



Set top hair in two rows, turning first row toward face, next row away from face. (Work with even strands.) Pin two vertical rows at left temple, the first row toward face, second away. Make circlets across the back to right ear, in two clockwise rows. Do right temple like left. To comb out—brush hair up briskly, then down into a soft halo.



You're always "set" with De Long Hair Pins • Curl Setting Pins • Safety Pins • Hooks and Eyes • Snaps • Pins • Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts

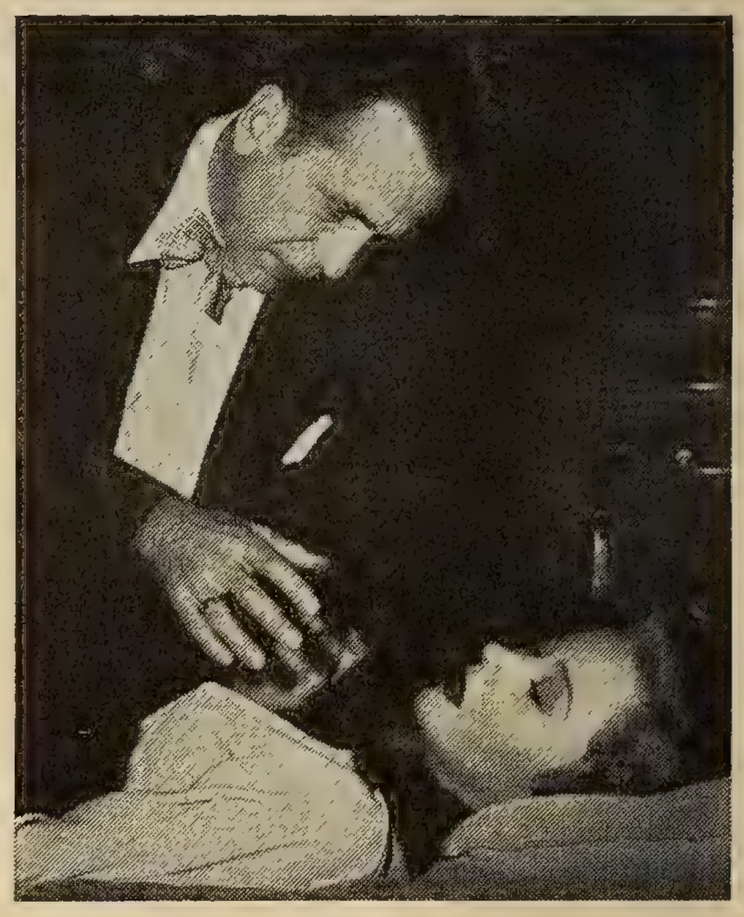


Doris Day is comforted by husband Steve Cochran, after Ginger Rogers, her sister, exposes him as a member of a hooded gang involved in a killing in "Storm Warning," Warner film.

The Glass Menagerie

Warner Brothers

IT'S DIFFICULT to judge how "good" are good intentions especially when they make the receivers miserable. Such is the case with slum-dweller Gertrude Lawrence who lives in a fantasy of elegance and social grace. Daughter Jane Wyman is a cripple suffering from an inferiority complex, and son Arthur Kennedy resents giving up what he wants to do in order to support the family. Neither drawback hinders Miss Lawrence in trying to turn Jane into a social belle and Arthur into a jr. vice-president. Frustrations mark their entire family life, but extrovert Kirk Douglas manages to get Jane to face reality.



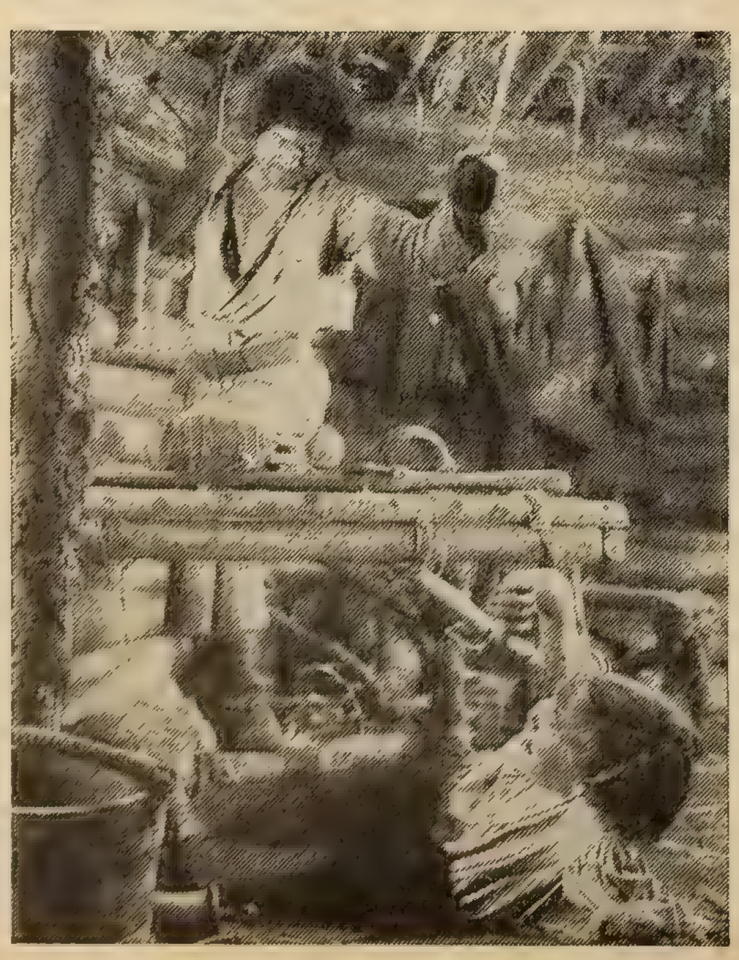
Humphrey Bogart, Gloria Grahame in "In A Lonely Place," intense psychological drama.

Father Of The Bride

MGM

SPENCER TRACY shines in this sprightly, hilarious comedy about a wedding—specifically that of Elizabeth Taylor. Liz's marriage to be comes as a shock to Father Tracy and Mother Joan Bennett, but that's nothing compared to what Father discovers happens to him in the interim. He becomes a lost man in a woman's paradise of engagement parties, trousseaux, church arrangements and receptions. The only use the head of the house has in all this fol-de-rol, as Tracy patiently sees it, is to keep signing checks. In short, Tracy is terrific, Bennett is beautific and Liz couldn't have had a nicer preview to her own marriage.

Bobby Driscoll is cruelly treated by pirate in Disney's adaptation of "Treasure Island."



Three Secrets

Warner Brothers

A PLANE crashes in the Sierras and the sole survivor is a 5-year-old adopted boy. Trapped on an inaccessible mountain peak with his dead foster parents, the child's plight becomes a headline item. Each of three women, Eleanor Parker, Patricia Neal, and Ruth Roman,

all of whom gave up a son for adoption to the same foundling home on the same day, believes the boy to be hers. With no way of finding out who the real mother is, the three wait together while rescuers try to save the lad. Lots of teary moments when the anguished trio start letting down their hair and giving vent to suppressed maternal instincts. Primarily a woman's picture.

Bright Leaf

Warner Brothers

THIS is perhaps the greatest expose in the cigarette business since paw caught Junior smoking corn silk in the woodshed. Gary Cooper plays the hard-bitten gent who wants to ruin tobacco-tycoon Donald Crisp for running him out of town years back. When Gary gets an opportunity to open the first cigarette manufacturing plant in the country, he not only breaks Crisp, but also his chums



Wendell Corey and Barbara Stanwyck in sizzling love scene in Paramount's "The Furies."

Lauren Bacall, Jack Carson and Jeff Corey. The only person who makes Gary suffer for a change is Patricia Neal, Crisp's wilful child. A snarling saga of early cigarette days—and, no ifs, no ands, no butts, it's really slow-burning.

Treasure Island
(Technicolor)

RKO

BASED on the Robert Louis Stevenson classic about a youngster, played by Bobby Driscoll, and his adventures with pirates and lost treasure. A map, given to Bobby by a dying man, shows where a fortune in stolen treasure has been hidden. Owning such vital information, Bobby soon becomes the bone of contention between some good, honest gold-hunters, Denis O'Dea and Walter Fitzgerald, and a shipload of scurvy pirates headed by Robert Newton. A Walt Disney production minus animated cartoons, it's a treasure in the excitement and escapist department.

(Please turn to page 73)





Suddenly, breathtakingly, you'll be embraced . . . held . . . kissed. Perhaps tonight. Be sure you're *always* lovely to love; sweet . . . alluring. Your deodorant may make the difference. That's why lovely girls depend on FRESH Cream Deodorant.





Test FRESH against *any* deodorant—see which stops perspiration, prevents odor better! FRESH is creamier, more luxurious and really effective!

Are you always Lovely to Love?

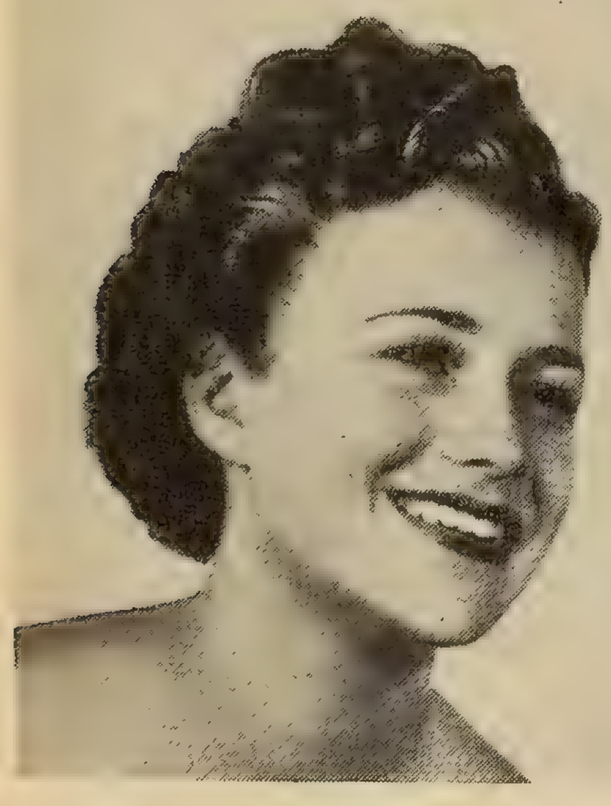
See for yourself how *really effective* FRESH is! Make this simple test. Put your present deodorant under one arm. Put FRESH under the other arm. See which *stops* perspiration, *prevents* odor better.





For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap. Used regularly, it is 20 times as effective as other type soap in preventing body perspiration odor, yet mild and gentle to sensitive skin.

Tops in Hairstyling





You too, can enjoy the natural beauty of waves and curls by using Calo curl clips. Just slide Calo over any size curl; do as many curls as you wish and you'll be amazed at the new found beauty of your hair. And Calo curl clips can be *used safely with any type home permanent; cannot rust and will not streak or mark any shade of hair.*

ASK FOR CALO TODAY!

AT YOUR 5 & 10, DRUG OR NOTION STORE

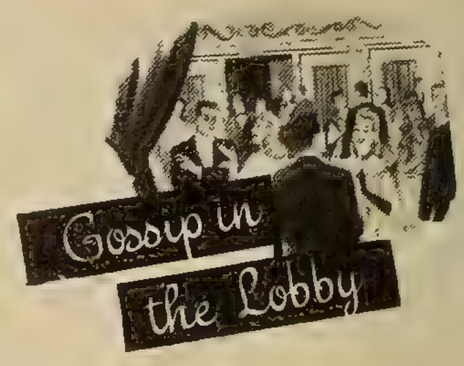
Calo Co. Massapequa, L. I.



Ricardo Montalban and his wife, Georgianna, with Marshall Thompson and his wife at the polo matches. Ricardo and Marshall figure brightly in MGM's forthcoming schedule.

Joan Dixon, with envied narrow hip line, has top role in RKO's thriller, "Bunco Squad."





Continued from page 10

Betty Hutton's added another, and a very impressive, scalp to her belt—the distinction of being the only femme ever to appear at a Friars' Frolic. At the last minute, Al Jolson couldn't show because of laryngitis, and Betty stepped in and wowed the huge audience with songs from "Annie Get Your Gun." The best part of it is that Betty was just as thrilled to receive the honor as the boys were to have her in the show.

* * *

Letter from Coleen Gray from San Remo, Italy, where she's making a picture with George Raft says she's had three picture offers in England and that she might take a couple of them. If so, she'll send for her four-year-old daughter Susie so the little gal can absorb some Continental sophistication.

* * *

Miss Ethel Barrymore has sent to New York for all the beautiful furnishings, antiques, and the famous collection of fight pictures which belonged to her father. She plans to reproduce the decor of her Gracie Square apartment in the new home she has in Pacific Palisades and that'll be something. One of the greatest experiences your columnist ever had was visiting Miss Barrymore in that New York apartment.

* * *

As of about now, Barbara Stanwyck is with Bob Taylor in Rome, where he's making "Quo Vadis." Stanny took a long rest after she made "To Please A Lady" so she'd be in shape to sight-see around the Italian city.

* * *

Some years ago Gene Tierney lost her designer-hubby, Oleg Cassini, a big job on a Broadway show. She and Oley were lunching at a swank New York restau-

rant. The show's producer, also lunching there, gandered the dress Gene was wearing and decided he didn't like Cassini's design. The sad part of it was that Gene had designed the gown herself. So now she's made it all up to her man, and the circumstances are almost identical. She and Oley were lunching at the Colony Restaurant in New York when Director Otto Preminger walked in, gasped, and rushed over to the couple. The suit Gene was wearing, Preminger allowed, was exactly what he wanted for her in "Where The Sidewalk Ends." Preminger practically bought the garment right off her back, ordered her not to wear it again until she appeared in the picture and gave Oley a big fat assignment on the film.

* * *

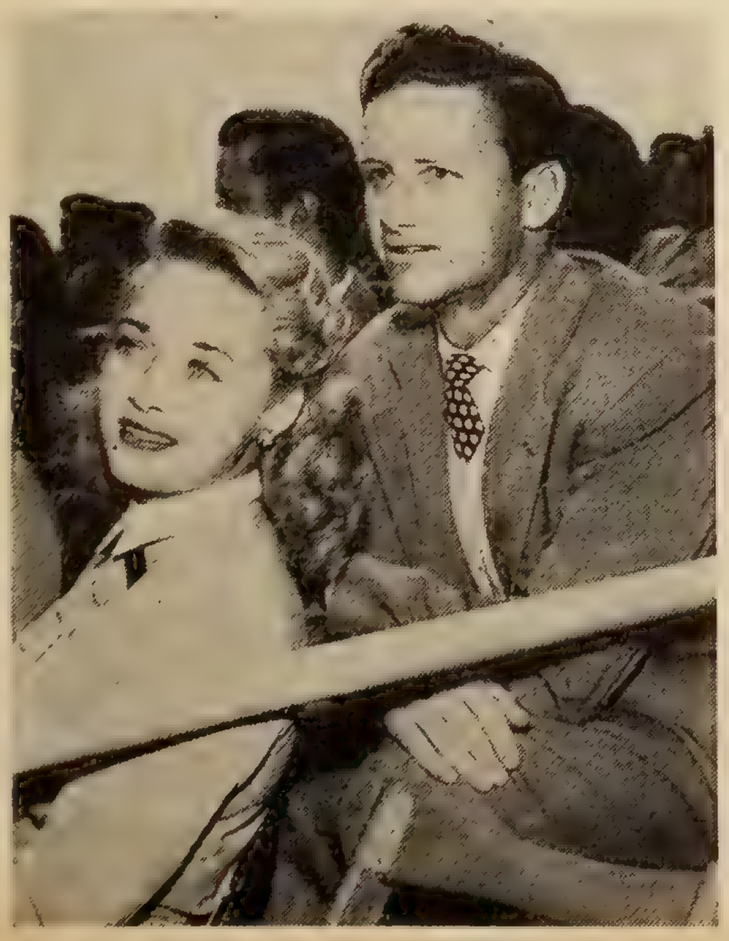
Vacation Time: Dick Widmark and his Mrs. taking short cruises in the small MG motor car he brought back from England. Dick had to dispose of a nag given to him because the neighbors complained that his stable was too close to their—uh—noses. Ray Milland caught gillions of trout on his Colorado trip. He bought an English car, too—an exact duplicate of Clark Gable's Jaguar, which will only go 132 miles per hour. Andrea King and Nat Wills took off after she finished "The Violent Hour" at MGM for a dream vacation—her sister and brother-in-law own a small island in the Bahamas, where you can really get lost. Esther Williams worked during her Hawaiian vacation on "Pagan Love Song." When she arrived she learned school had been dismissed so the kids could come to the airport to meet her. Lana Turner and Bob Topping gave up their vacation to complete their house and to take care of their Weimainer dog, a silver-colored German breed which is very rare.

* * *

Never saw so many gags and jimjicks in our life as there were at the birthday party femme publicist Jean Pettebone tossed for her husband, Keogh Gleason. Electric light bulbs that lit up out of their sockets, sets of false teeth that clack like mad; ducks and chickens laying eggs, paper guns that sounded for



Jane Powell and her husband, Geary Steffen, at polo matches. Jane's in "The Tender Hours."



real, hairy spiders, and all sorts of nonsense made the party one of the gayest we've been to in a long time. Maggie Whiting, with Janet Blair's ex-husband Lou Busch, was so intrigued with the teeth that she conned Keogh out of them. Said she wanted to use 'em on song pluggers who gave her too big a pitch. John Hodiak *(Anne was in San Francisco)* had more fun with his paper gun than *Hopalong Cassidy* with a real one. John Emery was a-tellin' us that he and his wife, Tamara Geva, were leaving Hollywood to live in New York, but at the clip he's going in pictures, maybe he'll change his mind and stay here. Everyone, including Jayne Meadows and her charming Milton Krims, was talking that diet routine, but nobody did anything about it. Who could with all that beautiful food around!

* * *

Letter from Paris: A pal, Mel Dinelli, who authored "The Spiral Staircase" and "The Window," pulled a pearlie—said he was going to Venice, even though he heard all the streets were flooded there. Also a communique from talented actor Mel Ferrer in Mexico City, where he was doing "The Brave Bulls," allowing he'd be home soon if the bulls kept charging and the actors' lines kept being cut down.

* * *

The Betty Grable-Harry James seventh wedding anniversary—on July 5—was spent in their new Bevhills house. Betty had the time of her life furnishing and redecorating the manse since their other places were already furnished. "My Blue Heaven," la Grable's latest musical, is being tagged her best and goody, goody it's a modern one.

* * *

All Arlene Dahl's chums are going crazy over the new personalized stationery she dreamed up and was showing around the set of "Three Little Words." It's a very pastelly blue, marked with the Dahl's lip imprint and that famous mole. Pretty jazzy, huh?

* * *

TCF's top designer, Eddie Stevenson, has a few hundred words to say about a rather fascinating subject—women's shoulders. Boiled down, he says Ann Sheridan, Linda Darnell and Maureen O'Hara have the classiest shoulders anywhere and that none of these three gals has ever needed shoulder or any other kind of padding. He oughtta know—he's dressed (and we do not mean it literally) *most of the greatest glamour gals. Moreover, Eddie tells me, Ann Sheridan has the ideal American streamlined figure. The statistics are: 5' 6"; bust, 37"; waist, 26"; hips, 34". How do you compare? Eddie also allows that the next fashion craze will be for wide, revealing and very low necklines for the gals who are well endowed. To the ones who have sharp bones, his message is "cover 'em up."*

* * *

Ricardo Montalban was still combing tapioca pudding out of his hair when we saw him on the MGM lot. He had just finished a scene in "The Tender Hours"



in which Jane Powell dumped a bowl of pudding on top of him. Don't waste any sympathy on Ricky, however, for the next shot had him pushing Janie out of a canoe in the middle of a lake!

* * *

Doris Day's fan mail—averages 5,000 letters weekly—has driven her out of her house. Her six-room bungalow shared with her mother and son just grew too small, since her mother answers the mail and needed an entire room to do so. Doris has purchased a new house in Toluca Lake with 12-rooms of space for the family and fan mail.

* * *

Roy Rogers and Dale Evans, David Brian, Adrian Booth, John Wayne, Adele Mara and Forrest Tucker all trained out for the premiere of "Rock Island Trail" in Rock Island, Ill. The town was prepared for this Hollywood invasion. They had false fronts put up along main street to convert the city into a replica 1850 frontier town, and all the local citizenry donned old-fashioned costumes. The stars were driven to the theatre in stage coaches, and arrived slightly disheveled but happy.

Nick Cravat, Lynne Baggett and Burt Lancaster clowning around between scenes of the spectacular "The Flame And The Arrow," Warner release co-starring Burt and Virginia Mayo.



RECORD ROUNDUP

Tops In Movie Music

"NO SAD Songs For Me," from the movie of the same name, and "Are You Lonesome Tonight?" by Al Jolson for Decca . . . "Pagan Love Song," from film of same name, and "Simple Melody" by Jo Stafford for Capitol . . . Bing Crosby's "Home Cookin'," from Bob Hope's "Fancy Pants," and "When The Sun Goes Down" for Decca . . . "Wilhelmina," from Betty Grable's "Wabash Avenue," and "Santa Catalina" by Freddy Martin for Victor . . . Roy Rogers' "Buffalo Billy" and "Me And My Teddy Bear" for Victor . . . Betty Garrett and Larry Parks doing "Home Cookin'," from "Fancy Pants," and "Written Guarantee" for MGM . . . Dean Martin's "Baby, Obey Me!" and "I'll Always Love You," both from Paramount's "My Friend Irma Goes West" . . . Gordon MacRae's "Stars And Stripes Forever" and "Hongi Tongi Hoki Poki" for Capitol . . . "I'll Get By," from film of same name, and "Blue Prelude" by Arthur Morton for Capitol . . . "Francis The Talking Mule" and "Pudgy The Whistling Piggy" by Rufe Davis for Columbia . . .

Tops In Pops

BENNY GOODMAN'S "Bewitched" and "Blues In The Night" for Columbia . . . Billy Eckstine's "My Destiny" and "Roses" for MGM . . . "An Ordinary Broom" and "I Theenk" by Tony Martin and Fran Warren for Victor . . . Frankie Laine's "Stars And Stripes Forever" and "Thanks For Your Kisses" for Mercury . . . Vaughn Monroe's "Tell Her You Love Her" and "Thanks, Mister Florist" for Victor . . . "Ride The Magic Carpet" and "Today, Tomorrow And Forever" by Alan Dale for Columbia . . . Bill Farrell's "Baby, What Else Can I Do?" and "Don't Say Manana Tonight" for MGM . . . Larry Green's "Sunshowers" and "I'm Gonna Paper All My Walls With Your Love Letters" for Victor . . . Lisa Kirk's "Love Me A Little Bit" and "Faith And Determination" for Victor . . . Doris Day's "I Didn't Slip" and "Before I Loved You" for Columbia . . .

Other Toppers

COLUMBIA'S "Arthur Godfrey And His Friends" album . . . Victor's "Gene Krupa Plays Fats Waller" album . . . Frankie Carle's two new Victor albums, "Sweethearts" and "Frankie Carle Plays Frank Loesser" . . . Gordon MacRae-Lucille Norman "Vagabond King" album for Capitol . . . MGM's "Piano Playhouse" album . . .

BERT BROWN

NEWSREEL



The bride and groom, Elizabeth Taylor and Conrad Hilton, Jr., leaving the Church of the Good Shepherd, Beverly Hills, after their double-ring marriage ceremony in which the traditional "obey" was omitted. Pebble Beach was first stop on their honeymoon.



Among the 700 invited guests were Ginger Rogers and her now-constant companion, Attorney Greg Bautzer.



Ricardo Montalban and his wife, Georgiana, arriving at church. Crowd of 3,000 jammed outside to watch stars.

Three of the six bridesmaids, Mrs. Marshall Thompson, Jane Powell and Betty Sullivan, arrive for the ceremony.



Van Johnson and his wife, Evie; Rosalind Russell and her husband, Fred Brisson. Champagne reception followed at Bel Air Country Club.





Dennis O'Keefe gets nowhere with Floradora Girl Burt Lancaster at Friars' Frolic for Motion Picture Relief Fund at Shrine Auditorium.



Dan Dailey and Floradora Girls Bob Mitchum, Burt Lancaster and Keenan Wynn. It's comedy event of year in Hollywood.

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About!



Jack Benny serenades Red Skelton at annual Friars' Frolic. George Jessel was master of ceremonies for show.

The stars themselves love to discuss what's going on as much as you do

By Lynn Bowers

U-ITES are having more fun than anybody with all the gags that are being pulled while "Harvey" is being filmed. Driving in at the main studio auto gate, the traffic is greeted by a giant and very benign rabbit. But the real gala happened in the commissary on the first day of shooting. Jimmy Stewart's table was decorated with huge brandy snifters filled with celery, carrots and lettuce leaves, with a nice note from the mythical hare. Across from Jas. is an empty chair, which no one is allowed to occupy on account of it belongs to the inwisible wabbit. Also on the set is a director's chair which is exclusively *Harvey's.* At this pernt, nobody will say whether the movie audience will ever actually get a glimpse of this famous character, but my vote is to keep him just as he was in the stage show—out of sight, but very much in mind.

* * *

Evidently there exists a slight misapprehension in the minds of a great many people about the rewards which come with an Oscar. At least Brod Crawford believes this is a true thing. Since copping off the golden statue Brod and his wife have been besieged by eager beavers wanting to sell them cars, houses, oil wells, toothbrushes and diamond tiaras. Brod has been acting for a good number of years, but he just ain't that rich. He has, however, treated himself and the family to a house in Balboa, modest type, from which he commutes when working.

* * *

Ty Power got a taste of the real thing during the filming of "American Guerilla In The Phillipines." Word came that the com- (*Please turn to page* 72)



Van Johnson, one of the entertainers, gets hysterical over Brod Crawford impersonating Gracie Allen.



Betty Hutton, with Errol Flynn, Van Johnson, Harpo Marx and M. C. George Jessel, was only girl in show.

Errol looks scared stiff between the two Amazons, Bob Mitchum and Burt Lancaster, at Friars' Frolic.



Errol Flynn is entranced by the charms of Mademoiselle Broderick Crawford at Friars' Frolic charity show.



How Far Should A Girl Go?

Some sensible suggestions for teenage girls who want to be popular both with boys and with girls





Left: Susan with Lois Wheeler and Kent Smith in "My Foolish Heart," a role which won Academy Award nomination for Susan.

Susan and Ty Power, co-starred in "Rawhide," 20th Century-Fox film. Warns Susan, "Be wary of confiding romantic thoughts to girl friends."





With Jack Elam in scene in "Rawhide." "A lot of confusion would be avoided if people said what they thought," says Susan.

EVER since a picture entitled "My Foolish Heart" was released, I have been receiving "query" mail from high school and college girls. In general the letters have been much alike. It would seem that the aim of most girls during their teens is to be popular, both with boys and with girls, and it would also seem that popularity is regarded as a prize, shining at the end of a distant road.

Most girls seem to wonder how far along that road they should go. Should they put up with the selfishness and rudeness of certain girls in order to be invited to their parties? How should they go about "getting into" certain school cliques? Should they kow-tow to a girl who has the use of her family's car, even though riding with the girl is flirting with suicide? What chance do they have to be sought after when they don't have pretty clothing because of family financial problems?

Most serious of all are the boy problems. If a girl sees a boy at school, whom she has no way of meeting, how can she attract his attention? Should a girl go steady? If she has one date with a boy and he never calls again, how far should she go in trying to find out why the boy hasn't called? If, after dating a boy regularly for months, a girl quarrels with him, how far should she go in attempting to mend the quarrel? Should a girl remember a boy's birthday, and how generous should she be at Christmas?

These and scores of similar questions have been posed by the letters.

At first I was, naturally, flattered by this avalanche of attention. Then, as the letters piled up, I began to be nervous. After all, I'm an actress, not an oracle. My lines are written for me by a professional story-teller. However, when I talked it over with my husband he said sensibly, (*Please turn to page* 55)

By Susan Hayward

No girl should ever do anything which she would be ashamed to tell her husband about, confidentially advises Susan.



Left: Tom Ewell, head of a big model agency, consults with Lana Turner, his top model, in "A Life Of Her Own."



Right: Lana and Ray Milland in a scene in the MGM film. They are attracted to each other on their first meeting.



Left: When Ray realizes Lana is more than a passing fancy, he knows he must tell her how hopeless the situation is.

LANA TURNER returns to the screen after an absence of two years in "A Life Of Her Own." A small town girl, she becomes a famed New York model and loses her heart to Ray Milland, a mining engineer. He returns her love, but refuses to divorce his wife, who was crippled in an accident which was his fault. So they break off. Later, Lana learns Ray is broke and goes to him. He turns her down because he'll never be free. Dazed, she roams the streets, gradually giving way to the suicidal thoughts in her mind.

Lana's Back Again



Ray explains about his wife, but Lana, refusing to face facts, is determined to find some way out.



Betty And Dan Go Native

FOR the third time, Betty Grable and Dan Dailey share singing, dancing and acting honors. Their latest film, "My Blue Heaven," is about a happily married radio team who get tangled up in all sorts of situations, some amusing, some sad, when they decide, because of the busy life they lead, to become parents by adoption. But Mr. Stork has other ideas and does a fine job of upsetting their plan.



One of the dances done by Betty and Dan as a radio team appearing on television program in "My Blue Heaven," is a humorous version of a tropical island dance.



Right: Betty, in black wig and feathers, and Dan go through their exaggerated gyrations in "The Friendly Islands" number in the 20th Century-Fox Technicolor musical.

As in all the Grable pictures, the famous million dollar legs are very much on view.

Happy that their dream will soon come true the team does their number with gay abandon.







Betty and Dan dance on, unaware that trouble looms ahead.



Unusual casting of Dana as priest in "Edge Of Doom" is another in chain of surprises.



Dana, Adele Jergens, Farley Granger in time-out from dramatic emoting in "Edge Of Doom."

When the unexpected crosses his path Dana Andrews manages to view it calmly, because he's been expecting it anyway

By Terri Lee Randall

IN HIS ten years as a movie actor (*which has coincided with his ten years as a happily married man*), Dana Andrews has learned to expect the unexpected at most any time. This, he finds, is part of the business of making pictures. From the time of his first screen test until his present assignment—that of playing a hard-boiled detective in the 20th Century-Fox film, "Where The Sidewalk Ends"—Dana's career has handed him one surprise after another.

Take that test for example. He was fortunate enough to have Gregg Toland as his cameraman and Sigrid Gurie, then an exciting foreign actress, to make the test with him. Dana had been wearing braces at the time in an effort to close in a bit of a gap between his two front teeth. That brace, of course, had to come off for the screen test, so the young actor had to plunk out seventy-five hard-to-come-by shekels for a special cap to hide the gap.

On the morning of the big day there were rehearsals; then Dana went to lunch with Producer Samuel Goldwyn, Toland and Miss Gurie. He was so excited, he could hardly eat. Back on the set after the mid-day snack, the cameras were set up and ready to grind.

"Sit here, Mr. Andrews," said Gregg Toland, indicating a tall revolving stool. "Now—smile." Dana obediently spread his lips in a wide smile. The cameraman threw up his hands in horror. "Great Caesar! What happened to you?" he gasped. Where there once had been beautiful, evenly spaced teeth, there were now beautiful, but widely parted, teeth. In his excitement Dana had swallowed his precious cap with an uneasy mouthful of food.

"That was the most expensive lunch I ever had," he recalls, still wincing a little at the memory.

The test was made without the cap. A few days later, when the film was ready for Mr. Boss-man, Samuel Goldwyn, Dana asked permission to bring his girl-friend with him to the showing. The three of them, Mr. Goldwyn, Dana and Mary Todd (*who is now Mrs. Dana Andrews*), sat in the darkened projection room at the studio. A light flashed on the screen and the figure of a man was seen perched atop a high stool. He produced a variety of facial expressions while a prop man turned the stool to permit the cameraman to get various angles.

Dana was floored, to put it mildly.

"I thought that the test they were showing was actually of someone else," he said. "I had never seen myself on the screen before and had no idea I looked anything like that. Mary just sat there pointing at me and laughing like crazy. Mr. Goldwyn looked at her kind of funny and said, 'Here I am trying to sign him up and you sit there and laugh at him!'"

Despite Dana's shocked discovery of himself on the screen and his girl friend's spontaneous (*Please turn to page* 56)

In "Where The Sidewalk Ends," with Gene Tierney, he's a hard-boiled detective. After three years of second leads, Dana unexpectedly got his big break playing opposite Gene in "Laura."





Detective Andrews with Gary Merrill. Dana's first sight of himself on screen shocked him



Stephen and Kathy, two of his brood of four. The Andrews were surprised by her advent.



Mary and Dana, married ten years, take parenthood seriously.

One Surprise After Another

An unexpected change of pace in his roles this year hasn't perturbed Dana; he serenely considers it a part of the business of making pictures.



Deborah's Now Going Places





Deborah, Stewart Granger flew to Africa for filming of MGM's "King Solomon's Mines."

Left: She survived 5,000-mile safari in African interior with amazing hardihood

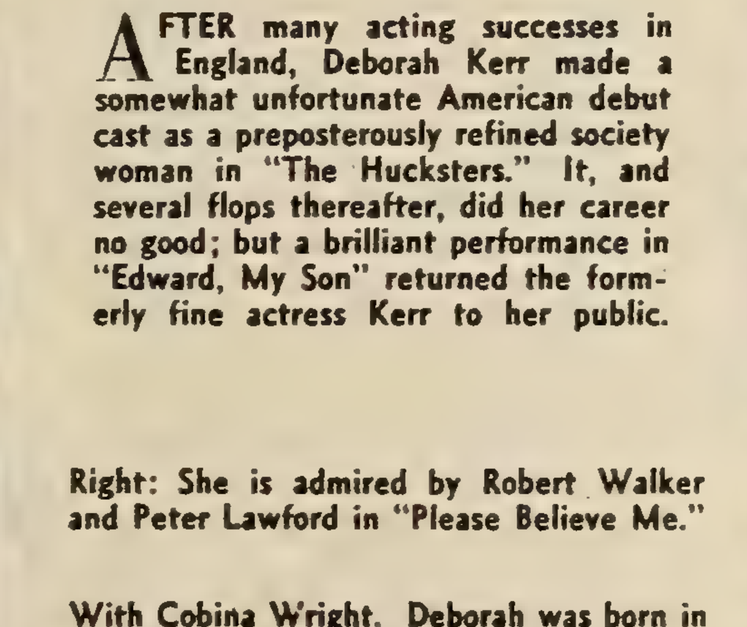
Right: "Edward, My Son," opposite Spencer Tracy, got her nominated for an Oscar.

AFTER many acting successes in England, Deborah Kerr made a somewhat unfortunate American debut cast as a preposterously refined society woman in "The Hucksters." It, and several flops thereafter, did her career no good; but a brilliant performance in "Edward, My Son" returned the formerly fine actress Kerr to her public.



Right: She is admired by Robert Walker and Peter Lawford in "Please Believe Me."

With Cobina Wright. Deborah was born in Scotland; first film was "Major Barbara."





Still Weaving A



Gloria Swanson slaps William Holden, her would-be lover, in "Sunset Boulevard."



In the film, Gloria is former queen of silent era, living in luxurious seclusion.

Gloria and Eric von Stroheim in dramatic scene in which police have come for her.





Enriched thru the years, Gloria Swanson's charm is more entrancing than ever

WHO better than Gloria Swanson typifies glamour?

This 51-year-old grandmother has just finished starring in "Sunset Boulevard," for Paramount, and granny is as glamourous today as she was when she made her first fillum—63 movies ago. . . .

Glamour—if you wish to care to check with Mr. Webster—is magic; a spell or charm. Also something about something in which someone appears delusively glorifiied — having a deceptive or enticing charm, as it were.

Who better then, in view of the above, than Gloria Swanson to handle the glamour department? The inevitable answer is, no one, but no one else.

The lady herself has said that she's not beautiful, and perhaps she's not. But she's loaded with magic, assorted spells and charm galore. Gloria is even delusively glorified—Noah Webster would be the first to say so, if he were about the premises.

None of which is meant to imply that Miss S. is a delusion. She is actually genuine, even very frank. Plus that, the lady is intelligent, witty, friendly and an able business executive *(she's batty about machinery).*

How—she was asked—did the glamour of the silent-film era contrast with the ditto of today's *(Please turn to page* 61)

Right: "Your attitude has a great deal to do with your looks," declares Gloria.

Magic Spell



At 51, Gloria Swanson has returned for greatest triumph.



Gloria and Bill get set for exciting love scene as Director Billy Wilder and crew prepare for "action."

Gloria and Bill in relaxed moment in "Sunset Boulevard," one of the season's best pictures.

By William Lynch Vallee





Left: The Gary Coopers and Ernest Hemingways dining at Stork Club during Gotham holiday.

Below: Lauren Bacall loves Gary although she knows about and resents his yen for Pat Neal.



Gladys George as Rose, cigar-smoking shady lady in "Bright Leaf."



Below: Jimmy Griffith gets no response to his greeting from the unhappily married Gary Cooper and Patricia Neal.



Revenge Is Sour

AMBITION, hate and revenge run rampant in Gary Cooper's new picture, "Bright Leaf." Only one person, Lauren Bacall, is happy over Gary's return to Kingsmont. Lauren loves him, but he's determined to wed Pat Neal, whose tobacco tycoon father had him banished from the town. Gary forms a cigarette company, rises to wealth and power, breaks Pat's dad and forces her to marry him. Pat gets revenge by ruining him. Although Lauren's bitter over Gary's rejection of her, she still loves him and goes to him when he needs her.



Gary Cooper, star of the Warner film, "Bright Leaf."



Ruined, Gary confronts Lauren and admits his biggest mistake was in not marrying her.





Ty is pleasantly encumbered with Cecile Aubry on trip to Kubla Kahn's fabulous court.

For "Black Rose," Ty and cast locationed in Africa amid difficult living conditions.



Turnabout for Ty

IN TWO new 20th Century-Fox offerings, "The Black Rose" and "Rawhide," you will meet Tyrone Power in vastly different surroundings. In the first he's an Oxford scholar of the 13th Century who journeys to Cathay for riches, acquiring Cecile Aubry en route; the latter has him driving Western stagecoach.

Cecile, as The Black Rose, is fated to be a gift to Mongolian Kahn, but Tyrone saves her.

He took Linda to Africa and later to "Rawhide" location.



After 120° heat of French Morocco, the "Rawhide" location in California was very cold.

Down-To-Earth Goddess

The fact that she's a star, Gene Tierney feels, doesn't entitle her to be a show-off

By Patricia Keats

BEFORE the ink was dry on the contract, a Hollywood star used to rush out and buy a beautiful $125,000 home for $250,000, complete with tennis court and swimming pool, a swank new car, and some little minor items such as a mink coat, a diamond necklace, or a stable of racing nags. On borrowed money, of course. The studios were glad to advance a couple of years' salary, for obvious reasons.

Naturally, Miss Movie Star would throw a big party for the Big Names who needed a party like a hole in the head, with a Cellophane tent, an orchestra, and enough rich and exotic food to guarantee indigestion to the entire guest list.

Some stars still do this. But they're in the minority now. Whereas it used to be smart to be lush and loaded, it is now very chic to be thrifty.

A member of the new cash-and-carry set is Gene Tierney. Gene and her attractive husband, Oleg Cassini, belong to that group of young married couples in Hollywood who don't believe that you have to show off just because you're movie folk; and who do believe that you can be perfectly happy living like normal married people live all over the United States.

"People now want simplicity," says Gene. "Especially in their mode of life."

At a restaurant the other evening I overheard several of the big mouth boys, agents and bankrupt producers, trying to argue Gene into buying a large glamour car. The fancy gadgets left her cold. The plastic panel bored her. But when one of the boys said, "It's a good investment, Gene, a big car lasts longer," she did pay attention for a few seconds. Then she



When she made "Night And The City" in London she learned from the English to treat life a lot more casually. She's here with Hugh Marlowe, a gentle poet in the film.

Gene, who's never been persuaded by Hollywood to change her name or to dye her hair, says, "People now want simplicity. Especially in their mode of living."



Her "Where The Sidewalk Ends" co-star, Dana Andrews, is the only actor whose picture Gene owns.





Her husband, Oleg Cassini, appears briefly in 20th's "Sidewalk." They've decided on permanent Hollywood home, have rented their N. Y. apartment, Connecticut house.

Richard Widmark enjoys Tierney embrace in "Night And The City." She prefers hearing recipe for a new dish to flattering comments on her talent.



Scene from 20th Century's "Night And The City." Gene likes simplicity in clothes, hairdos.

smiled and shook her head. "I'll keep the old job," she said. "A big car won't last me any longer. I always drive with my brakes on anyway."

Gene once threw the customary big glamour party with the Cellophane tent, the rented butlers, and all the expensive trimmings. For Gene and Oleg it was just a headache and a lot of bills. Today Gene entertains in her small, attractive home *(the dining room and living room are merged as happily as brandy and soda)* at simple buffet affairs for a few congenial people. Recently, she had a dinner for twelve, inspired by Producer Samuel Goldwyn. The week before she had heard Mr. Goldwyn complain that no one in Hollywood ever served dinner on time—if you're invited for eight you're lucky to get fed by ten. "The Cassini motto," Gene told him, "is to eat well and eat on time." Mr. Goldwyn took her up on it. Dinner was served right on the dot, it was delicious without sending the guests to bicarbonate of soda, and Gene, who used to sit up all night, was in bed before twelve.

"Mal Milland phoned me the next day," she said, "and said that before Ray got their car started my lights were out." And added with a smile, "Giddy old stay-up, aren't I?"

This going to *(Please turn to page 64)*

Gangsters Craig Stevens, Gary Merrill get tough with Gene, a dress model, in "Sidewalk."







Paul Douglas, Linda Darnell and Connie Gilchrist in "A Letter To Three Wives," recent success.

Alexander Knox and Geraldine Fitzgerald in "Wilson," Darryl Zanuck's big 1945 picture.

"Pinky," with Jeanne Crain and Ethel Waters won plaudits for its unusual theme.



"The Snake Pit," with Olivia de Havilland, Celeste Holm, was expose of state hospitals.



Jane Darwell, Russell Simpson, Henry Fonda, Frank Darien in 20th's "Grapes Of Wrath."

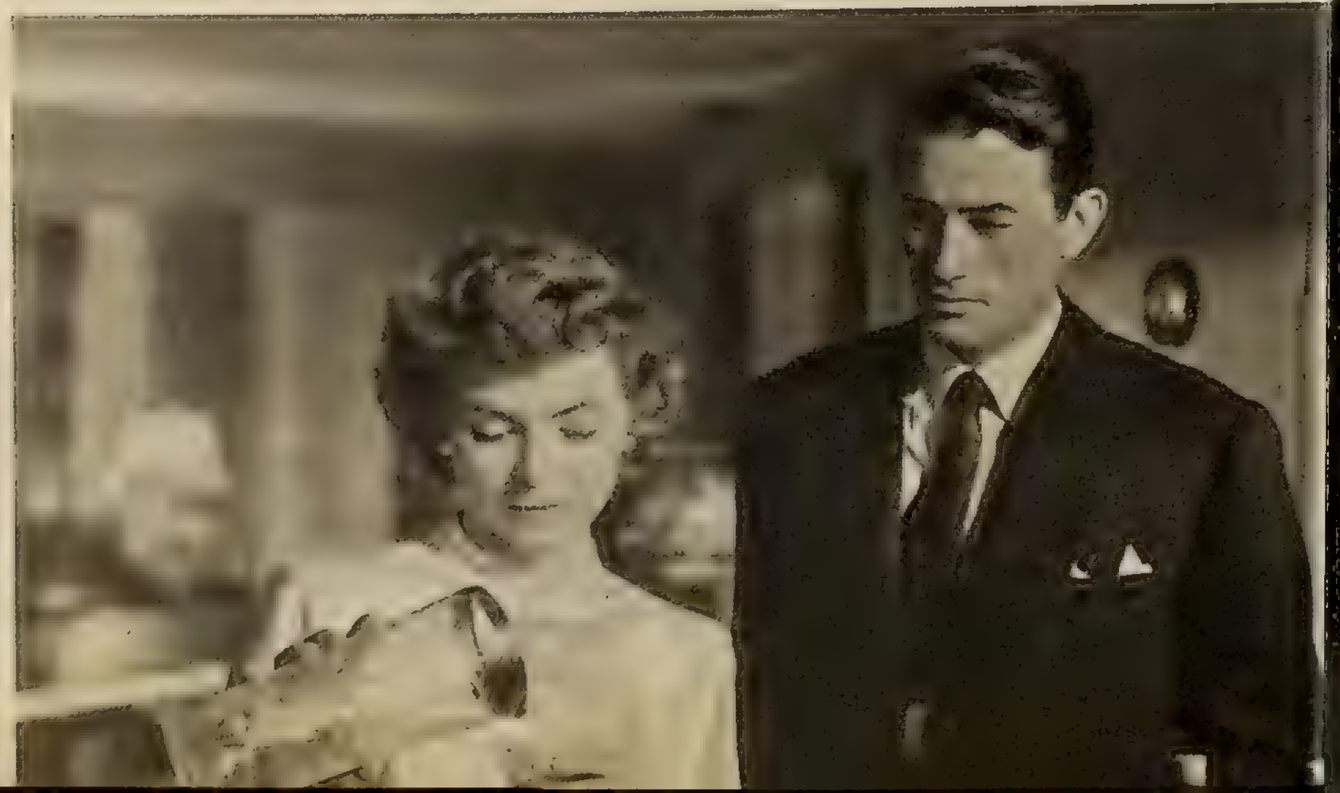


Darryl F. Zanuck, guiding genius of 20th Century-Fox with two prize trophies. He's also won Irving Thalberg Award for consistent high quality productions.

Donald Crisp, Roddy McDowall, Sara Allgood in "How Green Was My Valley," Oscar winner.



"Gentleman's Agreement," another 20th production, starring Dorothy McGuire and Gregory Peck, won an Academy Award as the best picture of 1947.





"No Way Out," Zanuck's latest, stars Linda Darnell, Richard Widmark, Stephen McNally.

Tribute T

Darryl Zan

FIFTEEN years ago when 20th Century m the old Fox company, Darryl Zanuck w vice-president in charge of production. Ever Mr. Zanuck has been busy turning out one su another. Under his aegis, 20th Century-Fox one of the most important studios in Hollywo his early films were such hits as "Lloyds C "Alexander's Ragtime Band," "In Old Ch "The Story Of Alexander Graham Bell." "The Purple Heart," "Winged Victory," "An King Of Siam." No one has done more to solid entertainment to the public than Mr. Z lywood and 20th Century-Fox can well be pr

Dean Jagger and Gregory Peck in "Twelve O'Cloc performance was so good he won Award as Best S





Joan Dixon on the set of "Bunco Squad," an RKO
sip columnists to various girls he's never even met.

Playboy!

By Robert Sterling

JUST before I left New York I picked up a paper to find that my "romance with Miss X, the blonde night club singer has progressed beyond the hand-holding stage."

The week before, I was reported as paying steady court to a soybean heiress . . . making time with a model . . . and carrying on a big thing with the daughter of a famous father. Four romance items in a week and a half—and one thing in common about them all. I have never so much as taken one of the four around the corner for an ice cream soda. Three of them I had not only never met, but had never heard of before I read their names so cozily linked with mine.

I'm sure they're all lovely, alluring and deserving girls, but I'm getting a little tired of them. I wish they'd carry on their columnar love affairs with somebody else. I'm not interested. What's more, I'm pretty damned annoyed.

I know just what they're thinking—people whose opinion I value. It's "What's happened to Sterling? He's going hog-wild in New York—turning into just another playboy." I know because I've felt the same way myself when I've read of someone whose legion of romances was so faithfully reported in the public prints.

It happens in Hollywood, too, of course—but at least there they've latched on to the one girl I do date and they're sticking to items about us. That wasn't the way in New York.

Now that it's happened to me, I'm inclined to wonder how many of our more publicized play- (*Please turn to page* 66)



Joan Dixon and Bob in "Bunco Squad." He's a young cop who's after unusual racketeers.



Says Bob, "I work hard and I'm serious about it." He has an utter dislike for all night clubs.

Left: Bob marries Joan in "Bunco Squad." In real life his career's more important than marriage.

"Granted New York gives you plenty of opportunities for the gay life," admits Bob. "Once upon a time I might have taken them, not now"



Ruth Roman, with Director Ed Marin, prepares for a scene in "Colt .45."



Ruth and her boy friend, Ronald Reagan, at Ciro's.

Should A Woman Tell Her Past?



By Ruth Roman

I SAY *yes!*

About anything that matters, I always have been boldly truthful. I never give a phoney build-up to cushion any fact. If I am going to disturb anyone, I'd rather do it now than later.

Why be afraid to be absolutely honest about your real self and exactly what you have done?

After all, there's no one else in the world just like you. It is your own personality, with all its faults, that distinguishes you.

At some time everything in our past is liable to come out. So, I say emphatically, it's better to reveal than conceal.

If you tell a lie, you have to live a lie. Why torture yourself into suppression and frustration? I'll have none of either.

There is nothing that has happened that can't be talked over sympathetically. There were reasons. Tell them. If you are liked or loved enough, you will be accepted at your true worth. If you are ashamed of the way you behaved, or the thoughts you once held, admit it and *(Please turn to page* 68)

"If you tell a lie, you have to live a lie. Why torture yourself?"



"I had jobs as a waitress, soda jerk, salesgirl, night club photographer."



Ruth Roman and Pat Neal in "Three Secrets," a story of three women with a past.



With Zachary Scott in "Colt .45," a Warner Brothers Western. She was a tomboy as a kid.

"A husband deserves to know everything of any importance about his wife," says Ruth



Ruth Roman and Dane Clark in "Barricade." Says Ruth, "It's better to reveal than conceal."

Jan Makes Up Her Mind

BETWEEN pictures lately Jan Sterling betook herself to Lake Gregory near Hollywood. Lazy days of sunning, swimming and trout fishing afforded Jan time to think over her answer to an important question: Would she become Mrs. Paul Douglas? She told Paul yes on her return.



Left: Jan takes lightweight motor aboard as she readies boat for a day on the Lake.

After 80-mile drive from Hollywood Jan gets help in unloading boat from car.







With a good shove she gets underway for trial jaunt in the boat.

Jan launches her bark. She is in Paramount's "Union Station."





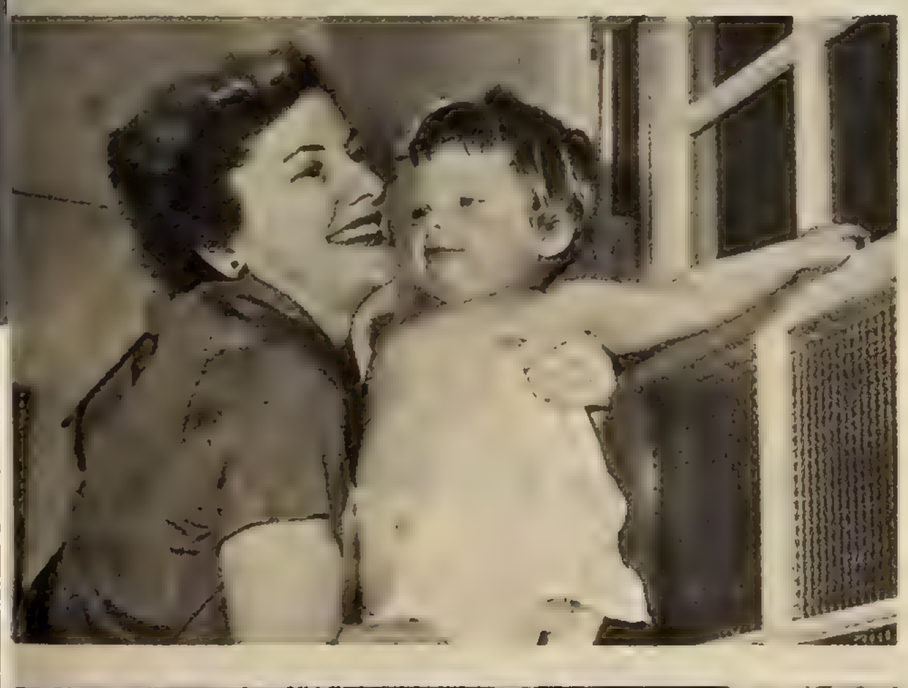
Jan, Paul, who married May twelfth, were both in play, "Born Yesterday," though with different companies

Devoted To Debbie



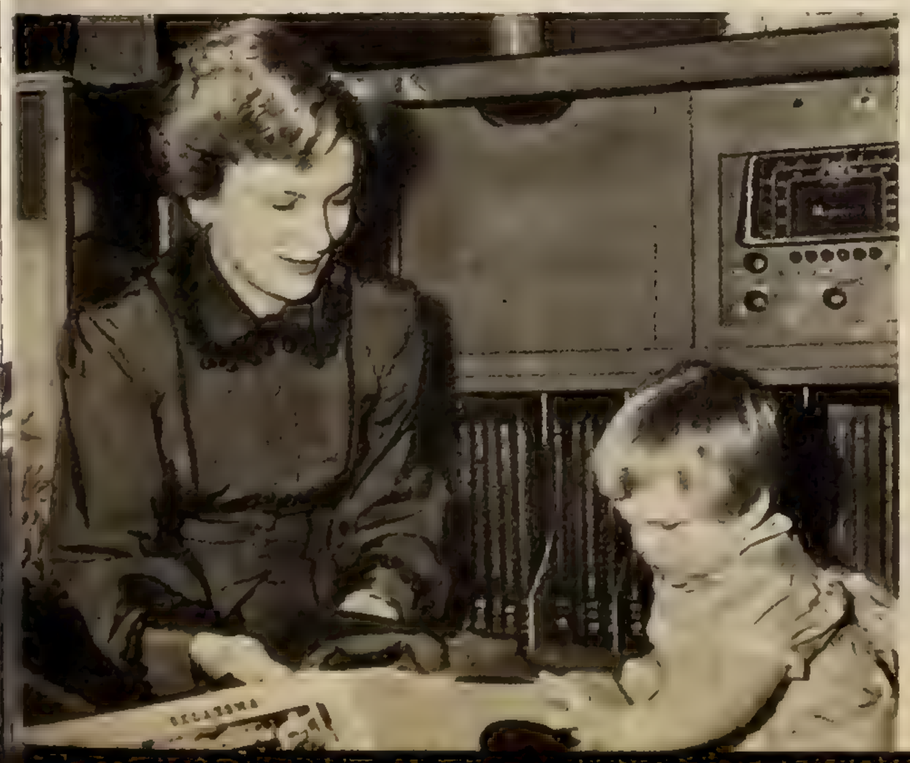


Debbie gets next bite of the apple. Her mother's newest film, which was made in Italy, is Hal Wallis' "September Affair."



Debbie, who looks like father Bill Dozier, is telephone fan.

Left: The bath is a ritual Debbie and mother both enjoy.



A BROKEN marriage is an excuse for many women to embark on a frenzied round of parties and night life in order to forget their heartache and perhaps to snare another husband. But Joan Fontaine doesn't see it that way. To Joan, her daughter Deborah is more important than anything a gadabout life can offer her. That's why she's at home as often as possible, giving Deborah the love and care that makes her such a contented little girl.

Left: Joan hopes Debbie will like music just as she does.

Right: They cooperate on one of Debbie's favorite pastimes.



DARK DAYS FOR DEREK

A year of disheartening experiences has wrought one major change in John



In "Rogues Of Sherwood Forest" he's Robin Hood's son

On set of "Knock On Any Door" with Lelia Goldoni. John hoped for, but did not get, a role in "The Brave Bulls."





All of his life he has had to fight "Pretty Boy" tag.

By Dorothy O'Leary

EVERYBODY who isn't in movies assumes that everybody who *is* in movies leads a bed-of-roses life, complete with mink-lined swimming pool, a different Cadillac for each day of the week—and without a worry in the world. 'Tain't so, gentle reader, 'tain't so.

Admittedly there are lots of swimming pools and expensive cars in Hollywood, just as there are in other cities—and there are just as many ulcers and headaches that go with them. Some salaries are enormous, and lots of them are not; then there's the matter of taxes. There are roles an actor sets his heart on—and doesn't get, which is just as soul-searing as not getting a raise or promotion at the office.

All of which adds up to the fact that Fate often delivers a kick in the teeth even to someone who seems, to the casual observer, to "have everything." Even to someone as handsome and swoon-provoking



Though he was cast as Brod Crawford's son in "All The King's Men," one of 1949's best pictures, the role did little to further John's career.



The advent of his and Pati's son occasioned some dark days, too



A realist, he knows that his looks got him his first part.

as John Derek. When we mentioned to John that there have been some pretty dark days for Derek in the last year, he said "Nuts, that's sob stuff. Everybody has 'em. Now things are fine."

It's true, of course, that in his twenty-four years of life John has had so many ups and downs in luck that he's used to dark days. He learned early in life to fight, make the best of things; he has now learned that out of every set-back has evolved something better. But that takes a lot of learning, and out of the last year's experiences has come one major change in John: it's made him mature, really grow up.

(*He might not like that, but it happens to be true!*)

John had a peripatetic childhood and youth. Sometimes finances were good and he'd have a tutor or go to private school; when they weren't he'd go back to public school. Sometimes he'd have an allowance of $100 a month, but more often, in high school, it was zero. For a while he thought he'd like to be an artist, but his real interest was in horses—he became an expert rider at a very early age—and his real ambition was to be a horse wrangler. When he finally got a picture contract he was more fascinated in the potential salary than in the acting, he now admits.

With such factors predominant, he wasn't exactly the model of the Solid Citizen. He was a right nice guy, mind you, rugged, affable, something of the soldier of fortune, content to drift along without much pattern in life. Even when he married he was only twenty-two, which is not exactly an advanced age to assume marital responsibilities.

When he finally got a real picture break in "Knock On Any Door"—and he had had two bad (*Please turn to page* 70)

He's determined to be a genuine actor, not just a handsome juvenile. In "Rogues" Diana Lynn is leading lady, indicating his luck has improved.





On "Winchester 73" set Jimmy's disreputable attire for role of frontiersman is greatly admired by Michael, 4, and Ronald, 6, as Jimmy talks with Gloria.



The Stewart family at party given by Harvey for the Hollywood younger set

Left: Though he embraces Shelley Winters for "Winchester" it is traditional kissless Western.

IF Jimmy Stewart's two step-sons had picked out a new father on their own hook they couldn't have improved on mother Gloria's choice. Affable Jimmy would make a perfect dad for any little boy, especially when he happens to be the hero of a hair-



Jimmy, Gloria and a friend on the "Winchester" location, daily motor trip of 95 miles from Tucson, Ariz.

Below: A boy's fondest dream is father's victory over a villain, like Jimmy's over Steve McNally.

Made-To-Order Father



At the "Harvey" party, Jimmy prevails upon the host to let Ronald and Michael sit on his lap. In film, Harvey is only an imaginary rabbit.

raising Western picture like "Winchester 73," or the cinematic pal of the world's most engaging rabbit. While Jimmy was starring in "Winchester" and "Harvey" for U-I, Michael and Ronald visited him on both sets. Jimmy, in turn, got paternal thrill of showing his saucer-eyed chillun such male items of interest as a 70-year-old Winchester, introducing them to elusive Harvey.



Wringing confession from Dan Duryea is a dramatic chore for him in film



Jimmy and Shelley were honor guests at the Tucson Annual Rodeo when headquartering there for picture.

Screenland Salutes

"The Big Lift"



WITH full cooperation and personnel, as well, of the Army Air Forces, 20th Century-Fox has produced as authentic, unbiased and exciting a picture as you'll ever see. Except for Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas, the entire cast is made of members of the Army Air Forces and a few German players recruited in Berlin. There is no pulling of punches. It could only have been made for a democracy.



Bruni Lobel, German actress, Paul, Monty in "The Big Lift."

Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas are co-starred in "The Big Lift," documentary thriller of the all-weather Berlin Airlift, filmed at actual locale.

Below: Cornell Borchers and Monty are lovers in this realistic film. She all but misleads him into a marriage that would have broken his heart.



Are you in the know?



How should you greet your date mate?

- ☐ *Dash out when he "honks"*
- ☐ *Ask him into the house*
- ☐ *Take your own sweet time*

"One toot and ye're *oot!*" (As the Scottish lecturer said—to the old lady with the ear trumpet.) Does the toot of your joe's jalopy send *you* scurrying out? That's unsmart. Ask him into the house for a word with the family. Then leave promptly, on your merry way. Even on "difficult" days you'll be poised, *comfortable*. For Kotex gives softness that *holds its shape*—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it!



Which neckline's best for your figure?

- ☐ *Halter*
- ☐ *Camisole*
- ☐ *"Little Boy"*

Could be you're the buxom type? Or maybe a build-up is what your figure lacks. No matter. Choose a "Little Boy" neckline and lament no more. It's camouflage for either figure fault. And for solving "certain" problems, why not let Kotex be your choice? You see, the *extra* protection you get with Kotex helps add scads of self-assurance . . . belittles "accident" misgivings, thanks to that special *safety center*.



What helps, if you've that "lobster" look?

- ☐ *Antiseptic lotion*
- ☐ *Tinted makeup base*
- ☐ *A flame-colored formal*

You got yourself barbecued just before the big dance! And with white marks left by your swim-suit straps and bracelet. Next time, take your sunning sensibly. Meantime, ease the broil with antiseptic lotion; plus a tinted makeup base, to cover up. The first two answers above are right. Always right for your *sanitary protection* needs is one of the *3 Kotex absorbencies*. You'll find Regular, Junior or Super just suited to *you*.



Should you talk to a house-party guest you haven't met?

- ☐ *Check with your hostess*
- ☐ *Give him the deep freeze*
- ☐ *Defrost*

He didn't happen to be around when introductions were going on. So now, when he speaks—you're a snub-deb. Defrost! According to Emily you-know-who, it's correct to talk with any guest. Even if you haven't met officially. You can talk back to your *calendar*, too (when it taunts you with "outline" qualms.) Just remember, Kotex has *flat pressed ends* that *prevent* revealing outlines. Unquestionably. Lets you stay in the party picture . . . fluster-proof . . . and so self possessed!



More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

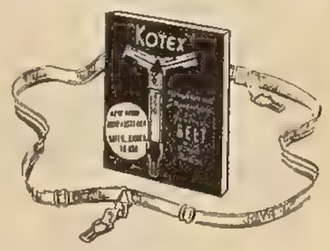


For extra comfort on "those" days, should you—

- ☐ *Stay in bed*
- ☐ *Go square-dancing*
- ☐ *Buy a nylon belt*

Comfort doesn't call for coddling—or "square" fests. Your best bet's a new Kotex Wonderform Belt. It's made with *DuPont nylon elastic*—non-twisting—non-curling! Gives 118% stretch, yet it's *strong*, smooth-feeling; wisp-weight. Dries fast. Stays flat even after many tubbings. And see how much easier, quicker the new *firm-grip fastener* is to use! For extra comfort—buy the new nylon elastic Kotex Wonderform Belt.

2 TYPES:
Pin style and with new safety fastener



Kotex Wonderform* Belt
Buy *two*—for a *change*

Back-to-School FORMALS



Fashion Selection #172 Edie Durston, Television star (above) adorns Fred Perlberg's slipper-satin 2-piece formal. Strapless under-dress with unpressed box-pleated skirt. Jacket with self-covered buttons. Colors: ivory, sea green or mauve pink. Sizes 9 to 15 (10 to 16) $35.00.

Fashion Selection #173 Gigi Durston, television songstress, (right) selects Beautime Formal of non-crushable transparent velvet. Black only with peacock or American Beauty trim lining the bertha collar and pick-up skirt. Worn on or off shoulders. Sizes 9 to 15 (10 to 16) $35.00.

Jewelry by Coro—Gloves by Wear-Right—Hitchcock chair by Duffy's, New York

YOU MAY ORDER these fashion selections from Saks 34th St., 100 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.



Screenland Fashion Selections

By Kay Brunell





PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERT ROCKFIELD

Fashion Selection #174 Gigi, shown above, graces another Fred Perlberg Original. Of dotted Swiss imported rayon net with gay bouffant skirt, equally charming worn with or without a hoop. The soft, slim bodice has a graceful, flattering stole attached at the left shoulder. In a variety of heavenly pastel shades accentuated by positive color dots of good neighbor deeper tones. Also can be had in black with white dots. Sizes 9 to 15 (10 to 16) $35.00.

Fashion Selection #175 Edie adores her Barbara Dance Frock (right) of multicolored plaid taffeta with happy black velveteen dots. Black velveteen collar frames the neckline. The fitted bodice is accentuated by crinoline hoops at hip line. Has saucy bustle caught up with velveteen bows. Zipper up back insures a neat, smooth waist line. Plaid's dominant colors are royal with red, gold stripe and some green. Sizes 9 to 15 (10 to 16). Price only $25.00.

Basics for formals





Fashion Selection #177
Lovely long-line strapless satin evening bra forms sleek smooth lines. Satin elastic gusset center front, slightly boned. Elastic generously fitted in back, adjustable hook and eye closing. White only—32 to 40 in B cup, 34 to 42 in C cup. Priced $5.00. An original Warner Bros. design.

Fashion Selection #178
Warner Bros. slimming step-in girdle with "Veil of Youth" side sections has satin elastic panels both front and back. The hug-me-tight 2-inch waist band and short soft boning comforts any figure. Comes in white and pink. Sizes 24 to 32. Priced only $7.50.



Fashion Selection #179
This delicate Molla-Kaye slip of nylon was made for day or evening comfort. Specially designed broad lace shoulder straps and high back quietly conceal the bra. Molded of woven nylon with fluffy nylon lace trim and piquant net flutting around top and bottom. Easy to care for on busy days . . . always has that fresh-as-a-daisy look. White or pink. Sizes 32 to 40. Price $7.98. Designed by Al Jaffen Company.



Fashion Selection #176 Molla-Kaye camisole of delicate multifilament crepe with broad shoulder straps and beading edge of Alencon lace with draw-ribbons. White or pink. 32 to 38, price $2.98. Slimming evening petticoat also of multifilament crepe with scalloped 2-inch Alencon lace edge. Smooth front—elasticized back. White or black. Waist measurements 24 to 32 (sizes 10 to 38) only $4.98. Both Molla-Kaye by Al Jaffen Co.

Photographs by Bert Rockfield

Jewelry by Coro. Hose by Aberle. E-Z-Do cabinet of quilted Stain-tone, a Vinylite plastic, available green, rose and blue—$9.98. Priced slightly higher in the West.

YOU MAY ORDER these fashion selections from Saks 34th St., 100 W. 34th St., New York, N. Y.

How Far Should A Girl Go?

Continued from page 22

"I suppose the girls want to know about your personal experience. Why don't you answer them in the way you would talk to a daughter of your own. Suppose our twin boys were girls, how would you advise them when the time came?"

That made my problem easy to solve.

Before I go into the girls' side of it, however, I want to say that I'm bringing up my boys to be the sort of people who will understand the hopes and the reservations, the alternate boldnesses and timidity of other human beings. I am trying to teach them goodness, not only surface good manners, which impel a man to show a woman the usual courtesies, but consideration from the heart, which is also called integrity. It seems to me that one of the discouraging situations between boys and girls, and between men and women, is the too-frequent absence of kindly honesty. A lot of confusion would be avoided if people, in a nice way, said what they thought.

But this isn't answering, specifically, the letters the girls have written to me, and that I want to do.

Let's take the queries up one at a time. Suppose a girl sees a boy at school and she wants him to notice her. There are a number of things she can do. She can find out what his hobbies are. If he plays tennis, she can learn to play tennis; in that way she will meet him at the school courts sooner or later. If he dotes on music, chances are he will spend a good deal of time at the local platter counter. If he's a stamp collector and the girl has been writing to an overseas friend *(which all high school people* should *be doing right now to advance international understanding)* there is no reason why she shouldn't stop the boy in the school halls at some convenient time and say, "I understand you collect stamps. I have quite a few foreign specimens to which you are welcome if they would be of interest to you. How about it?"

The boy may not be interested in the stamps, but he may be impressed by your thoughtfulness.

The key to meeting a person in the first place, and the key to the inner room of retained friendship is always INTEREST IN THE OTHER PERSON. What does he do? What does he like? What does he think?

Too many girls go at this business of attracting someone in exactly the wrong way. I know I made a mistake of that sort. When I was a freshman, I took admiring note of a senior who was captain of the football team, and I made up my mind I was going to make him notice me. Whenever he was around I made it a point to pass him swiftly, my head in the air, humming as if I had swallowed a little juke box. I would toss my head and flirt my skirts, and be busier than a flag in a breeze.

One day he caught my arm and said, "Honey child, why don't you try out for the school band? Bet they could use you."

Nowadays I think he was as rude as I was silly, but both of us were at fault. I was embarrassed then, but in later years I was exasperated with myself because I knew all the time that he collected the cartoons which are published in magazines. Our family had old copies of *The New Yorker* stacked in the attic; if I had been using my head, I would have told him about them, politely, and I would have asked if he would like to see them. If he had said "Yes" I could have delivered the periodicals, one at a time, for weeks. We could have become friends that way.

If a business girl sees a man in an elevator whom she likes, she should assume from the first that he is decent. On that basis she should merely smile after she has seen him a number of times. Eventually, she may say "Good morning."

If the man wishes to avail himself of this casual acknowledgement and start an occasional conversation, that is good, but the girl should still think of him as just "someone" until his conversation indicates that he is interested. Too many sad situations have developed as the result of a girl assuming that a man was single, and the man's allowing her to be mistaken until emotional interest had developed.

The old rule still stands. "Be wary of a stranger."

Be wary also of confiding your romantic thoughts to your girl friends. If you are intrigued by the tall senior with the dark eyes and tell your best friend, she will tell *her* best friend, and *she* will happen to be the sister of the senior's best friend. The news of your interest will get back to the boy, and he will avoid you like the plague . . . or misunderstand your attentions and make life difficult for you.

Let us say that a girl has been wise, and has interested a boy to the point of his asking for a date. Perhaps they go to a movie or to a school party, and the girl has a dee-vine time. But, to her consternation, the boy doesn't ask for a second date. How far can she go in finding out what went wrong?

Personally, I don't think she can do a thing except continue to be casual and friendly when she sees him. Certainly she can't telephone; certainly she can't—unless she wants to look foolish—ask around among her friends to learn whether he has let some indicative remark fall.

Everyone has to face this fact sometime in life: there are some people with whom we, naturally, click. There are some people with whom we don't. Chili is good with beans; it would be horrible on chocolate cake. Some combinations don't work out.

A girl simply MUST accept this fact. She will only make a spectacle of herself if she tries to fight a law of nature and insists upon pursuing the boy.

The situation is slightly different if a boy and a girl have been dating for





Genial Charles Coburn with a shapely dancing instructress during rehearsals for the hilarious Country Club Square Dance sequence in U-I's "Louisa."

several months and then, abruptly, the boy stops telephoning or asking for dates. In that case, I should think a girl should remain away from the dial, no matter how great the temptation.

Of course, nine times out of ten, the reason for the boy's absence is that he is interested in another girl. If this is the case, and his ex-girl friend knows it, she should accept the fact and go on to new interests.

Here is another law of nature: during the teens, boys and girls are experimenting with human combinations. Everyone is building personality, character and experience. It is essential that, in school particularly, a boy and a girl get to know as many different individuals as possible. I do not believe in high school people "going steady" for this reason.

Don't tell me that you get world-shattering crushes on people, and can't go on without wearing a gold football around your neck, or seeing one another every night. I know. I went through it, too, and not long ago. I still remember going steady for seven months . . . . and sitting at home without dates for four months because the boy had gone on to another girl, and yet boys wouldn't ask me for dates because I was "pinned." I thought I was dying of a broken heart. I know now that hearts don't break—at least not until after one is twenty.

Now—about gifts. I try to be as modern as tomorrow, but I still think the old Emily Post rules are right. I don't think a girl should ever give or accept a present costing more than five dollars until after she has married the boy in the case. There are a number of reasons: first of all, a teenager usually has to work pretty hard for his or her spending money, or the teenager's parents do. It is foolish or unfair to invest a large sum in a person whose picture you may not recognize in five years.

I remember one indicative incident from my own history. One of my best girl friends was a fabulously generous person from a wealthy family. In the days when I was flush if I had seventy-nine cents in my purse, she was getting an allowance of ten dollars a week. One Spring she remembered her beau's birthday by giving him a watch. It was a dazzling affair and must have cost a huge sum.

Shortly afterward they broke up. She indicated the reason to me: "He seemed to think that I liked him . . well, too much. He expected me to show it far more than I could and keep my self-respect, so we broke up."

A year or two later she married a wonderful boy and they were completely happy—except for one slight flaw. I was Christmas shopping with her one season, and she said she didn't know what to buy for Don, her husband, for Christmas. I suggested a really beautiful watch because I had noticed that his timepiece was the same one he had worn in high school.

She shook her head. It seems that they had been out on a double date with Bud, the old boy friend, and his new gal one night, and Bud had shown Don the watch, saying, "Your wife thought a lot of me in those days."

She ended by saying regretfully, "I've wanted to buy Don a watch dozens of times, but he has a complex about it. He always says he'll pick up something that he can bang around because he is so hard on watches, but I know he doesn't want to be put in the same class, sort of, with that heel, Bud."

I think this story illustrates another point which I wish to make. Many girls have also written to ask how far I think a girl should go to be popular with boys. Well, I think that—after a third or fourth date—a goodnight kiss is a pleasant way to thank a boy for a happy evening, and there I think demonstrations of affection should end. No girl should ever do anything which she would be ashamed to tell her husband about, after they are married.

I have saved until the last the few comments I think should be made about a girl and her girl friends. It is true that in a happy marriage a girl's best friend is her husband, but it is also true that there are vast differences between a man's world and the world in which a woman's life is spent.

If a girl keeps house and has children, it is pleasant to discuss recipes, formulas and child psychology with another young mother. If a girl seeks a career, it is stimulating to exchange professional gab and gossip with a trusted colleague. Throughout life, one of the most valuable assets a girl can have is a worthwhile circle of female friends, and the time to collect them is during high school and college days.

However, to make friends with the prettiest or the most popular or the wealthiest girl in school, simply because she *is* pretty or popular or wealthy strikes me as being shabby, superficial and just plain foolish.

Friendship, to be the full and satisfactory thing it can be, must be based upon equality. I don't mean financial or social equality, but equality in mental, emotional and ethical approach to the business of life. If you are honest, you can't be friends with a thief. If you are naturally cheerful and progressive, you won't be able to endure a pessimistic hang-backer. If you are hard-working and sincere, you won't be able to get along with a sluggard.

I suppose it all comes to this: the answer to the question "How Far Should A Girl Go To Get What She Wants Out Of Life" is simple. She must go all the way down the rough, difficult road to acceptance of herself and understanding of what is best for her, and to the understanding of the nature of other human beings.

P.S. It isn't easy, but then worthwhile accomplishment seldom is.

One Surprise After Another

Continued from page 26

laughter at his discomfiture on the rotating stool, the film test was obviously a success, for Sam Goldwyn inked his signature on Dana's first contract. Dana and Mary, who had been sweethearts for a long time, looked on this new contract as the break for which they had been waiting. Then along came Mr. Unexpected.

"You'd better forget about getting married for awhile," a studio executive advised. "You're a handsome young actor trying to establish yourself in a tough game. You need lots of publicity. Start being seen around the night spots with name actresses. It's what you need."

But Dana discovered that, career or no career, he didn't want to spend time with any girl but Mary.

Nearly a year went by before the subject of his marriage came up again, and it was Dana who brought it up. He and Mary felt they had waited long enough. Dana p r e p a r e d—and memorized—a speech that said, eloquently, everything he wanted to say.

Importantly, he made an appointment

with Mr. Goldwyn for ten-thirty the following morning. Dana got himself all spruced up and, as was his habit, he was punctually in Mr. Goldwyn's office at the appointed time. Then came a wait—a long wait. Dana fidgeted and mopped occasional beads of moisture from his brow.

Suddenly, the quiet was shattered by the shrill whistles of a fire alarm. Now any fire on a movie lot is no small matter. It is strictly a three-alarm deal every time. Mr. Goldwyn ran from his office to the street scene below, followed by the intrepid Mr. Andrews.

There, amidst all the confusion that accompanies any conflagration, Goldwyn motioned to the young actor to come over to his side.

"What's on your mind, Dana?" he asked, shouting in order to be heard above the noise.

"I'd like to 'beard the lion in his den.' I'll see you later in your office."

"Never mind that," Mr. Goldwyn replied. "Beard me now. What's the matter, you worried about going to work?"

"No, not that," Dana yelled again, "I just want to get married."

"Well, I'll think it over," Goldwyn said, "and I'll let you know."

Another month went by with no further word on the matter. Finally Dana broached the subject again.

"Oh, that—I forgot all about it—sure, go ahead," was Goldwyn's reply. "You might as well get married, you're certainly no good at getting your name in the columns."

Plans were made for a lovely, big wedding. Mary's family lived in Santa Monica and wanted everything beautiful and perfect for their daughter. Nothing would be too good. Everything looked rosy—until along came Mr. Unexpected again.

It was ten days before the wedding. The invitations were all addressed and ready to be mailed to some two hundred guests. Dana received a memo—an order—from the front office.

"Let your hair and beard grow. You're going to be in 'The Westerner.' Shooting begins November 21st."

The wedding was scheduled for November 17th, but Dana could never meet all those strangers with a ragged, ten-day growth of beard. These guests were people outside of the movies. They would never comprehend the bridegroom's beard without detailed explanation. So the list of wedding guests was cut down to a mere thirty.

An amusing incident happened just following the ceremony that bears repeating. Dana had a six-year-old son by a previous wife (*who had died while the boy was still a baby*). Young David had known and loved Mary for almost as long a time as had his father. He looked on her as his mother, the only one he had known.

Just after the clergyman had said, "I now pronounce you man and wife," the bewhiskered groom took his beautiful blonde wife in his arms and kissed her tenderly. Little David, beaming happily, touched the hand of the Reverend.

"Thank you so much," the boy said quite solemnly, "for what you have just done for my father and mother."

Following the three-day honeymoon, and still in whiskers, Dana was back in Hollywood hustling out to his first location for "The Westerner." The director of this picture greeted Dana's appearance with some speculation. He looked around at Gary Cooper and three or four other members of the cast who had all been given the same no-shave order. He stroked his own smooth chin for a moment, then said to Dana,

"There are too many beards here, shave yours off."

During that first year of virtual unemployment while under contract, Dana learned more about gardening than he did about picture making. In fact, he got to be quite a gardener while waiting. And he learned a lot about waiting, too. He recalls one Sunday morning following a big Saturday night, when he received a seven o'clock phone call from the studio to appear at nine A. M. to aid in a screen test of a young actress. The boy originally scheduled to make the test with her had advised the studio that he would be unable to appear.

Dana arrived promptly at nine, went to his dressing room, was made up and sat down to wait to be called. Ten o'clock came, and no word from the director. Eleven o'clock—twelve o'clock—one o'clock! Four hours he waited. Forgotten—because the other boy had shown up after all.

Following his bit role in "The Westerner," Dana never again played less than second lead in any picture, even though many of those first films might not have been considered top box-office attractions. For three solid years the studio gave him the same routine with each screen assignment. "This is really a great part!" "You'll be tops now!" "It's a great opportunity!" "This is it!" And for three solid years, he stayed in the same rut of second leads in B pictures.

Then, unexpectedly, came his big break when he was given a top role in "Laura" at 20th Century-Fox Studio, which by then shared his contract with Goldwyn. After that, career-wise, things took a definite upward swing. He soon appeared in Goldwyn's Academy Award winner, "The Best Years Of Our Lives." More recently he has played opposite the enchantress, Susan Hayward, in the never-to-be-forgotten "My Foolish Heart." This year has given him a swift change of pace from a priest in "The Edge Of Doom" to his current tough guy detective role in "Where The Sidewalk Ends."

There have been great changes in his married life, too. Mary Andrews, who is an only child and had always had things done for her, knew little or nothing about homemaking. However, she was very willing and eager to learn. Before their marriage, Mary had been a promising young actress at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, where she and Dana first met. It was mutually agreed, however, that she would give up her career and be just plain Mrs. Andrews.

(*Please turn to page 59*)

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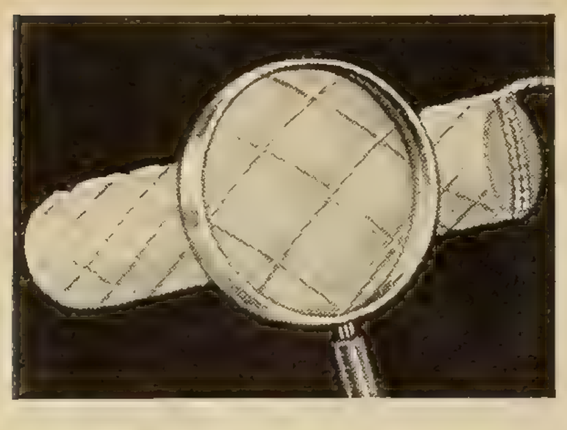
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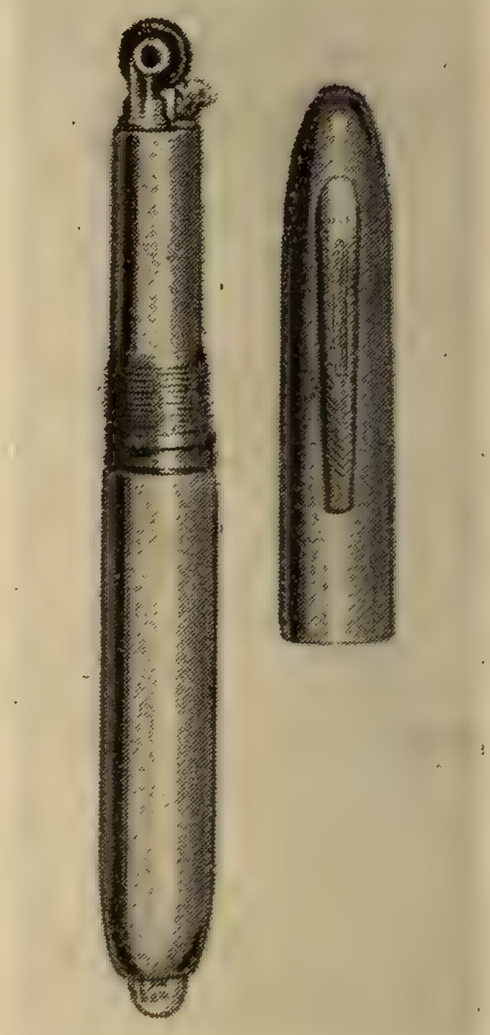


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One Surprise After Another

Continued from page 57

In those first months there were lots of amusing adjustments to be made. The Andrews worked out a budget system with a series of envelopes in which, weekly, they would put the amount allotted to that particular expense: so much for groceries, so much for rent, so much for entertainment, etc. Then, to keep things on the up and up, there was always the interesting procedure of 'borrowing' from various envelopes, leaving I.O.U.'s to make up the deficits the following week or the week after.

Their first home was a small, one-bedroom apartment on Doheny Drive, that lies on the borderline between Beverly Hills city limits and Los Angeles. Just around the corner they had noticed a restaurant which seemed to draw a goodly crowd every night. One evening the Andrews decided to celebrate by eating out. So they drove around the corner to this restaurant. The sign above the door read: Chasen's.

Dana drove up to the parking attendant and asked him, "Is this place expensive?"

The parking attendant replied, "That depends on what you call expensive."

Dana said, "I mean, can you get a dinner here for three dollars?"

"Well, I rather doubt it," the parking attendant said. Dana put the car in gear and hurriedly drove away. It was a year later before they could afford a dinner in Chasen's.

Prior to his marriage, Dana and his small son had made their home with his former mother-in-law. She had counselled Mary in many ways regarding the groom's likes and dislikes. One thing she had stressed was his healthy appetite. Mary, eager to please her husband in every way, attempted bacon and eggs for their first breakfast in their own home. The amount of bacon to prepare had her momentarily stumped. But only momentarily. She computed that, since one pound of steak was ample serving for two, a like amount of bacon would probably be about right. Dana's eyes still open wide with wonder as he recalls the sight of that platter heaped high with the whole pound of bacon for that first breakfast.

The Andrews had planned to have a nice size family, but after two years of marriage it looked as though there wouldn't be any children. So they built their first home, a cottage with two bedrooms upstairs—one for themselves and one for son David, with an additional guest room downstairs. Shortly after completion of the house, the Andrews went on a motor trip to Dana's native Texas. On their return Mary said to her husband one day, "I've got a surprise for you, Daddy!!"

Their first child, Katharine, was born the following July. So David moved into the guest room downstairs and dainty little Katharine was put in the strictly masculine boy's room upstairs.

Dana and Mary were very happy having a son and a daughter, but he was quoted in one of the magazines early in 1944 as saying that he would like to have another son and another daughter. At the close of that year, Stephen Andrews joined the family; and, two years ago, their wish was fulfilled when little Susan arrived.

Dana and Mary have a great love for their four children and have some pretty definite thoughts on the subject. A lot of people, he says, have a peculiar idea of how much money they should have before they can afford to start a family. In principle, that may sound well and good, but in practice it doesn't always work out so well. Say, for example, they decide they should have a thousand dollars in the bank before having a child. So many times they will find, when they have reached maybe the half-way mark, that there are other places to put that money. Maybe it will be a new car, new clothes, or redecorating the living room. And the prospect of parenthood is postponed. Then suddenly, one day, they wake up and decide they're too old to start having children. What they overlook, Dana declares, is that the whole principle of life is growth.

Today Dana and Mary Andrews are very happy and contented with the full life their four children make possible.

Recently, the Dana Andrews celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary for which they gave their first and only big party. They were quite excited about it themselves, just as you and I might be. It was one of the most charming parties ever given in Hollywood. The guests felt free to do as they pleased. Some played cards, some danced, many gathered around the piano and sang songs while Gertrude Neisen played—literally for hours.

It was not an affair given for the purpose of impressing anyone. There was not one soul there because of who he was. Just close friends had been invited —people the Andrews enjoyed being with. There were only a few names the public might recognize—such as the Bill Holdens, the Robert Prestons, Otto Preminger, Cesar 'Butch' Romero and Miss Neisen. But it was a wonderful party. At the close of it, in the small hours of the morning Dana sang a love song to his Mary. Then the guests went home.

In talking with any of the Andrews clan one can't help feeling a warmth from the glow of their family happiness.

In spite of their financial ability to turn the training and care of their children entirely over to hired hands, Dana and Mary feel that a close association with their family is so important both to themselves and to their children. And between them there exists a deep, mutual love and respect, for they realize that in a marriage, a husband and a wife are equally important. What separate lives they may have they make compatible to their joint life. On what better foundation could their happiness be built?"

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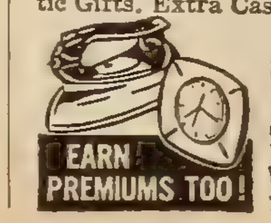


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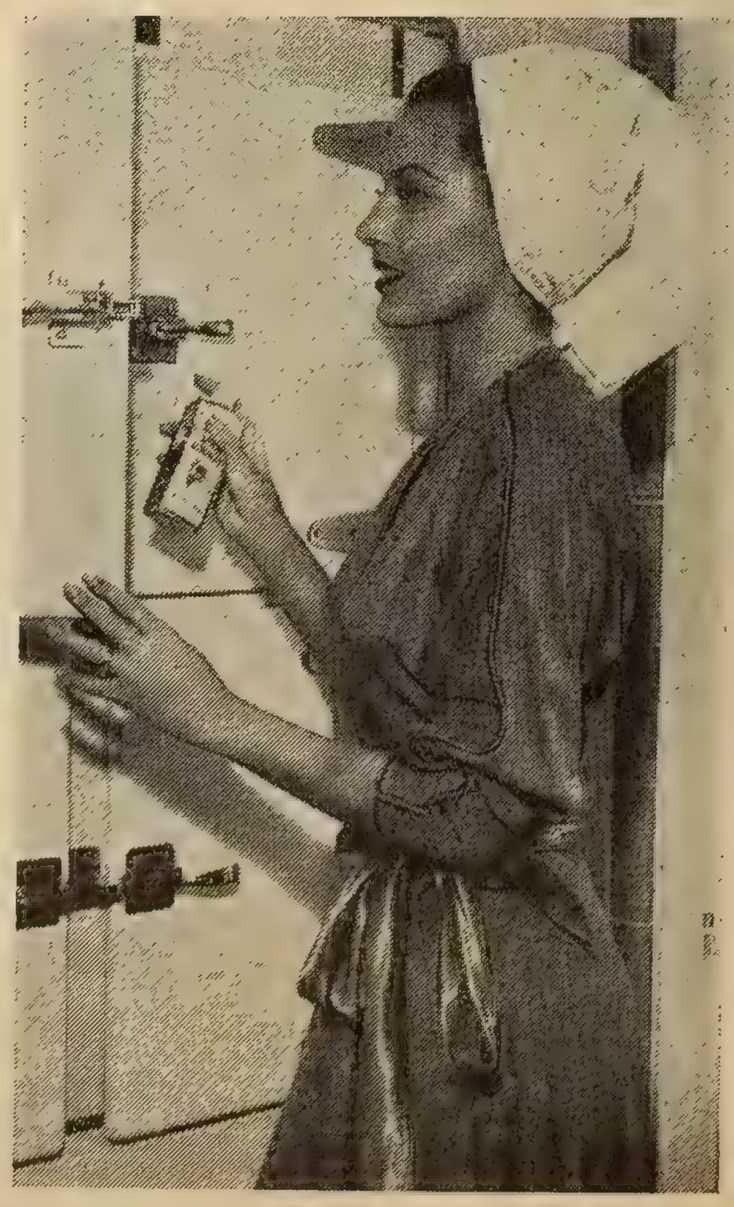
By

Courtenay Marvin

THERE is now an old-fashioned idea that everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it. Concerning Nature, this was true until the rainmakers recently came into vogue. However, long before artificial precipitation was anticipated, the beauty industry had promoted many ways and means of keeping yourself both comfortable and charming in spite of heat and humidity. In fact, every Summer for a long time has brought forth new ideas in cooler-offers and, because of them, it may be honestly said that hot weather is far easier on the girls than the boys.

Consider the wealth of eau de Cologne available to shower us with cool, refreshing sweetness. Consider the modern form of the cologne or perfume stick, little ones to fit conveniently into purse or pocket and go wherever we go to pick us up, but quick, at a mere touch to the skin, big ones for home use. Some of these have an ingredient in the base that cools at its touch, beside offering fragrance that has the magic to lift and inspire above depressing heat and dampness. This lift, this lilt, which is the magic of perfume, a magic about which many beautiful words have been printed but which nobody but the ones involved can quite experience, is literally a life saver in trying late Summer. It seems to me that perfume, mild as in your cologne, skin sachet or the little sachets you use in your dresser drawers, or the lush, luxurious depth of perfume, itself, is a heady power and that with a consciousness of it about you, sagging spirits, ill humor or even dull eyes and drooping mouths can't help but lift and brighten. So take to the warm weather scents in liquid, powder, cream and stick form and discover the clink of ice, the suggestion of wind blown spray from a fountain, the song of a mountain brook, plus flowers under sun or moon that they all have the power to evoke. I dare say there is not a star or starlet in Hollywood who is not acutely aware of the inspiring power of perfume. Long ago, Norma Shearer told me of a terrific attack of stage fright when she was beginning her career. She lifted her hand to her face. On her wrist was lilac perfume. Instantly, it reminded her of her Canadian home with lilacs in the garden, and, with memory, all fright vanished. Almost all the Hollywood girls are perfume collectors at heart, and that is why you so often see their dressing tables loaded with beautiful bottles.

The beauty business, however, carries its cooling, refreshing theme into far more products than fragrance, alone. There are several delightful skin lotions, designed to be used after cleansing cream, that incorporate special cooling ingredients for the hot months. I have one now, aquamarine in color, that lends a welcome chill to hot, "restless" skin. Then, new out of Hollywood, but a long favorite formula with a lengthy list of glamourous stars, is a facial that looks and feels like pink ice and takes only



Face lotions, cologne and lipsticks thrive if left in the refrigerator on torrid days.

five minutes to give you a practically new face. This is one of those true joys when weather, fatigue or plain wear and tear have left a dull skin tone and a texture far from fine. You hardly know yourself after five minutes, and a jar will give you plenty of wonderful treatments.

Our mothers resorted to cooling off a hot skin with ice, with the added idea that its use contracted pores and made skin look finer. While cold applied to the skin has a temporary contracting action, ice should never be used directly on the skin, especially the face. Ice will cause too violent reaction in the tiny capillaries near the skin surface and its continued use can cause those purple-red, so-called broken veins that also have a way of appearing on thighs for other reasons. Cold water, however, is a wonderful astringent and refreshant, and aside from its beauty value in rinsing has another good use in "setting" makeup. Before we had the effective bases and foundations of today, the glamour girls knew a trick worth knowing now. After makeup was completed, they gently applied very cold water to the face then carefully patted it dry. Though the very best idea for a fresh, radiant look is to renew makeup completely, when you find yourself in a spot for time you can do wonders to renew a fresh look by simply laving cold water gently over your face, then blotting dry. Do this carefully and you will not disturb makeup but that hot, moist look will vanish.

Another wonderful cooler-offer is the refrigerator. Hollywood first let me in on this secret but now it is common knowledge that face lotions, Cologne and even lipsticks all improve in hot weather by the cold treatment. Even the finest of lipsticks, exposed to severe heat, may get a little soft. Just remembering now and then to steal a few square inches of mother's food space and leave your beauty there for a little while will give it refreshing zest.

Our feet often really take it in hot weather, especially after a shopping tour or if the job requires long standing, and this applies to the young mother or wife at home as well as the career girl. Here is a cooling-off rest period practically guaranteed to make a new person of you in fifteen minutes: When you are home and can give yourself a breather, remove all constricting clothing, including shoes and nylons. Seek the coolest room you can find and lie flat on your back on the floor, with no pillow under your head but with your feet propped up on two! Spread out your arms and just give up. You will probably drop right off into a cat nap. This position is especially helpful to feet that swell with heat, and it also throws your whole body into good position for complete relaxation. If you have time to cleanse your face first and apply a cool cream, so much the better. After fifteen minutes flat, followed by a tepid shower, you can rise and shine in a glow of renewed energy.

P. S. By the way, the beautiful, brilliant color on Elizabeth Taylor's lips and nails, shown on the cover, is similar to the shade Red Bud by Milkmaid. It's ideal with Summer-kissed skin.



Still Weaving A Magic Spell

Continued from page 30

talkie *(and double-talkie)* age?

"People have a way of adjusting themselves to the times," said Gloria. "In the Twenties, extravagant clothes were the rage. People wore six flowers instead of one—it was the so-right thing to do. In that respect, movie stars were simply acting like everyone else. Then, when hard times fell upon us, tailored suits were more in tune with the prevalent austerity. With increased athletics for women, clothes were adapted to suit riding and other outdoor goings-on.

"Slacks became fashionable—regardless of the too-obvious fact that most women don't look their best in them. Something they'd realize if they had triple mirrors. As for me, I don't wear them in the city; possibly at a place like Cannes—but, even there, I usually tie a scarf around my waist so they look less like a man's trousers than a divided skirt. *Slacks!* All right to slip on and run down to the corner for groceries, but not for all-time wear."

Most people, she thinks, picture her as eternally lolling in gilded bath tubs, or athwart swan beds, while C. B. DeMille stomped about in megaphones, shouting through puttees—or vice-versa.

"I made six pictures for Mr. DeMille," she said, "which is, in itself, a record. I was 18 when I worked in his 'Don't Change Your Husband,' and it was not a glamour deal. *I was playing character parts.* Certainly—I was an 18-year-old playing a woman of 35. . . .

"I made those six DeMilles in three years and was a blacksmith's daughter in one—didn't dress up at all. In 'Why Change Your Wife,' I was a frowsy wife—*who* said gilded bath tub?

"And most of the highly-touted 'Male And Female,'" she added, with emphasis, "was shot on an island where we wore leopard skins. So you see. . . ."

Gloria began her movie carer in 1913, with the old, and top-notch, Essannay Company, in Chicago. Signed as an extra, she lasted only one day—was a stock player second day out, soon won small parts and then leads. Hollywood met her in 1915; she soared to terrific heights—was a fabulous screen queen in a fabulous era.

She left pictures in the early Thirties, turned to the stage, to business, to television and is now back in films again. She has starred in but two movies since 1934—one, "Father Takes A Wife," for RKO in 1941, and now in "Sunset Boulevard," for the phenomenally successful writing-directing-producing duo of Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, *a la* Paramount.

It's axiomatic that she has always been the *Glorious Gloria* and the *Glamourous Gloria*—two labels that are still sewn



Eleanor Parker, of "Three Secrets," with her youngest daughter, Sharon, her two-year old daughter, Susan, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lester D. Parker.

directly on her. . . .

Oddly enough, when she first went to Hollywood, it was to study voice and become a professional singer. Instead of which, she found herself in Keystone-Sennett flickers, became an accomplished comedienne with — remember? — Bobby Vernon. Her films bore such impressive and arty titles as "The Pullman Bride," "The Nick Of Time Baby," "Teddy At The Throttle." She followed them with such serious, dramatic jobs *(for Triangle)* as "Station Content," "Her Decision," "Every Woman's Husband" and others.

Popular legends to the contrary, Gloria was never a Sennett Bathing Beauty—though she did play the lead in one movie with that fey crew. It was a right nice custard pie opus with the enormous Mack Swain and included one (1) beach scene. And she posed for seaside bathing art. . . .

The DeMille era followed—then Paramount. "I was Paramount's 'program' girl," Gloria says. "None of the movies I made ever approached epic stature." But the fans ate them up; they were sell-outs—of which Hollywood could use a few.

This was the period when she won horrendous fame as Gloria The Clothes Horse—a reputation which she has maintained, but in her own, good-taste way—preferring and looking tres chic in black or dark colors.

"I was in 'A Goose For The Gander,' a Broadway play in the mid-Forties," Gloria says, "and, because of it, Hollywood insists on giving New York sole credit for whatever acting ability I have."

Hollywood is forgetting, of course, that Gloria starred in "Madame Sans Gene," in France, in 1924—being the first American star to make a movie in La Belle. Also disregarding the fact that she had organized her own producing company—releasing through United Artists—when she was only 25 or so. Her company, among others, turned out "Sadie Thompson," first screen version of "Rain," with Lionel Barrymore as the *Reverend Davidson.*

The talkies were no obstacle. Gloria sang and talked in "The Trespasser," an early such *(1929)*—made others, including "Perfect Understanding," first talkie made by a U. S. actress in London. "I was born with a low voice," she says, *re* a prime sound-movie angle, "but vocal study, as a soprano, upped it. My daughter Michelle has a deepish voice."

She was asked about her diamond-sharp imitation of Charles Chaplin's "little man" in "Sunset Boulevard." "I'd never tried it before," she said. "It was a routine I worked up during a lunch hour and it was a lot of fun doing it." What she dismisses as a lot of fun is a devastating sample of expert mimicry. She admits, however, that comedy involves the most difficult acting of all—even if drama rates the loud critical bravos. Timing in comedy, she says, is terribly important. "Good comics," she points out, "are essentially dancers." An interesting observation.

To get back to glamour—it's more than just clothes, furs or $30,000 emeralds. It's also the way you talk, act, sit and walk.

"The way you walk," says the woman with a perfect carriage, "is most important. I was brought up on an Army post *(she's the daughter of Captain Joseph Swanson),* where slouching was a major sin—in our household as well as on the parade ground. When we were stationed in Puerto Rico, I used to admire the natives carrying things on their heads, imitated them with schoolbooks balanced above. Nowadays it's fashionable to slouch in your chair. I have to speak to," she paused and grinned, "my own Michelle.

"Your attitude," Gloria went on, "has a great deal to do with your looks—specifically your height. I'm convinced that you can 'think tall.'

"Mary Pickford once told someone that I was four inches taller than she. Next time Mary stopped by our lot *(at United Artists),* I settled the matter. In our stocking feet, back to back, I was only half-an-inch taller than she.

"Again, attitude—plus the high heels I wore for my sophisticated roles. Mary always wore low heels as *America's Sweetheart* and as the shy little girls she played. I was 5 ft. ½ in. tall, then—grew an inch-and-a-half *after I was 28*—after I'd been a silent star for some time! How? Massage treatments may have had something to do with it."

Which makes her 5 ft. ½ in. now. She wears a size 4 shoe—wore a size 2½ in the mid-Twenties. Recently slipped on a pair of her old shoes—which the Paramount wardrobe department had dug up—and wore them comfortably all one afternoon.

What is it about G. S. that adds up to neon glamour?

Small feet? Blue eyes? Dark brown hair? Lovely white teeth? Good skin? The answer would include all of those, but would be plus a combination of style, color, personality, charm—and a few dozen other plusses that amount to Swanson.

"I had to take a screen test for 'Sunset Boulevard,'" she said, with a twinkle in her eye. "Of course, they didn't know how I'd look on a screen or if I could act."

Glamour plus a sense of humor—she took the screen test *(her first),* was ecstatic that she made good and could, at long last, crash the movies—*gosh!*

"They're tough on young people, though," she said. "Tests scare them silly—it's difficult to act under such conditions. That *mad* Wilder—when he found that I photographed like a woman of 35, he did his best to make me look like an old hag, even ordered artificial gray for my hair.

"I didn't understand why, since there's plenty of it there anyway. I'm not sweet sixteen, don't pretend to be. His explanation was that my gray hair didn't show up sufficiently, so. . . .

"Anyway, Wilder and Brackett did a wonderful job with the movie. I'm the type of actress who goes to see her films, also the daily rushes. With the inevitable result that I always leave, muttering, 'I wish I'd . . . .'

"My mother describes my film *Norma* as a characterization, but not me. And she isn't, though *Norma* would have loved a similar return to the screen. Everyone was as nice as pie and it was grand working with that fine actor, C. B. DeMille.

"As for Bill Holden, he's perfection—young, able and intelligent. Bill was a wonderful choice for *Joseph Gillis.*"

In this story of Hollywood life, today, Gloria plays a famous screen star of a quarter century ago, now living in luxurious seclusion while scheming to return to the screen in a four-alarm blaze of glory.

As *Norma,* she falls in love with Bill Holden, cast as a young screen writer. Eric von Stroheim plays her former director who is now her butler, zealously seeing to it that she is never aware that she is passe.

Since *Norma* is inclined to suicide, the house is minus door knobs. Bill is a mild gigolo who rebels when Nancy Olson, a studio story reader, appears. *Norma* tries to break this up—with drastic results to be seen at your local movie palace and which will be the more dramatic for their surprise value.

New studio workers were captivated by Gloria's friendly charm, amiability and understanding cooperation *(the old timers weren't surprised).* Proof of her popular-

ity with crew members is a silver cigarette box—their gift—engraved: *To The Greatest Star Of Them All.*

"I gave Billy Wilder," she says, "a complete set of door knobs for the house he's building. It's a good gag in view of the fact that our movie house was *sans* knobs."

As a 14k Hollywood pioneer, Gloria is credited with a long list of firsts. First top movie queen to have a child, first to adopt a baby, first to become a grandmother, first to marry a title. First American to make a film in France, first to make a talkie in England, first voice to broadcast from England to America (via *a program in the Twenties)*, first to enter the patent field and to successfully operate her own commercial venture. Among the first with her own producing company, among the earliest to successfully hurdle the arrival of the talkies. The first name movie actress to enter television with her own program and, finally, first to play the role of a one-time silent screen star, such as *Norma Desmond.*

The television show—"Gloria Swanson's Hour"—was a New York program, ostensibly taking place in her apartment, where interesting callers dropped in—such as players, playwrights, chefs, fashion experts, ballet dancers, opera singers, transatlantic pilots, authors, etc., with all dialogue ad-libbed. An appendectomy forced her to quit TV last holiday season and a second operation definitely knifed the program for the time being. Luckily—actually—since it made the "Sunset" picture possible.

"I can't do both pictures and television," she says. "What sponsor would put up with a couple of months' absence while I made a movie?" Five will get you ten that G. S. will stay with the movies.

Speaking of glamour, this glamourous lady is also an astute business woman. She formed Multiprises, Inc., where inventions were tested and the worthy such manufactured by our tinseled tycoon. Although she recently closed the Multiprises office, she still has an interest in a button factory, travel agency, cutting tool patent.

The button factory—no press agent's dream—is the Lindenhurst Button Co. of New York and the cutting tool thing, the Forged Carbide Co. "Points," she explained, "for cutting steel, tungsten, etc."

Gloria's working motto insists that nothing is impossible and she means it. "After the War," she said, "there were no servants to be had, so when the bath tub got dirty, I scrubbed it, went on to do the floor—was fascinated and ended up washing the walls.

"I'd been working harder than a longshoreman in the movies since I was 14½, remember, so forgive my colossal ignorance about scrubbing—and cooking, too. I couldn't boil water then, but now I've invented a super onion soup—may even market it."

A tall friend of Gloria's, named Jane, a Vogue editor, can make a dress in a day. A challenge that was too much for small Gloria, who had once seen a sewing machine in "Bertha The Sewing Machine Girl."

"I didn't know a sewing machine from a cold oven," Gloria admits, "but since



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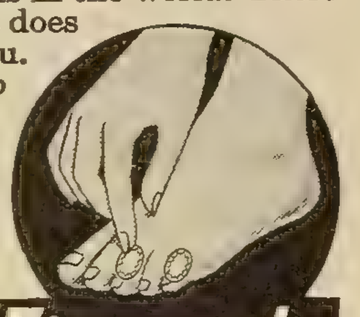
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I wanted to make a dress, I laid the material on the floor, cut it, finally found out how to thread the sewing machine needle and, zoom, zoom, it was purring like a kitten when Jane arrived on the scene. We both doubled up with laughter, but I later made two suits!"

Three things, she says, account for her youthful appearance—to wit: diet, mental attitude and heredity.

Diet *(intelligent eating, she says)* infers a chemical balance in foods—salt for no one *(why pickle your food?)*. Prefers vegetables cooked in pressure cooker for vitamins and better taste. She's a tea drinker.

Doesn't believe in living in the past or standing still in the now. Is always planning something new. Insists it's foolish to fight age, especially since it's happening to all of us.

As to heredity—her mother, who's 70, looks 50. Her grandmother had a youthful complexion in her eighties.

Miss Gloria hates exercise, but loves to dance and says she "feels well" after dancing. Don't get the idea that she's perfect — Miss Gloria admittedly hates calisthenics.

In Hollywood, she lives in a rented, hilltop house *(with swimming pool)*. She owns an apartment on Fifth Avenue in New York. Loves to travel, does so when the mood seizes her—flew to Paris once just for the weekend. Recently made an extensive cross-country tour to ballyhoo Paramount's "The Heiress" and proved to be an excellent good-will ambassadress for the entire movie industry. Makes a first-class public appearance—chats easily, intelligently, with business men, teenagers, club women and even writers. At recent Hollywood functions — since her return—attended by the starriest of current stars, Gloria has unfailingly been the center of attraction.

She's been married, divorced, five times to: Wallace Beery, Herbert Somborn, the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray, Michael Farmer and William Davey.

Her three children are: Mrs. Robert Anderson *(mother of her three grandchildren);* Joseph Swanson *(adopted)* and Michelle Bridgit Swanson, living with her mother and a possible movie actress.

It's been a rich, full life that's just beginning—in a way—for Gloria Swanson.

She gets a kick out of meeting people who thought she was dead.

She might win the 1951 Academy Award.

She ain't dead. . . .

Down-To-Earth Goddess

Continued from page 37

bed early is quite typical of present-day Hollywood. Sort of tough for the night clubs, but awfully good for the health.

Gene and Oleg live in a small house, which they bought two years ago, on an unpretentious street in the hilly part of Beverly Hills where the houses are close and chummy. There are big back yards for the most part, but the houses are right on the street, and the street is so narrow that a tourist sightseeing bus would have a heck of a time trying to make it. They don't try. That's fine with Gene and the neighbors. The houses are separated by driveways and Gene's neighbors on both sides could easily hear her voice if she lifted it in anger. She doesn't. There are a lot of little kids in the neighborhood, scooters and bikes and red wagons, and lots of laundry waving in the backyard breezes.

Besides liking it herself, Gene thinks it's a wonderful neighborhood for Tina, her little sixteen-months-old daughter. Tina is a dainty, pretty little girl, friendly and happy, who enjoys a romp with the neighborhood kids.

"This bringing up kids in the country is greatly over-rated," says Gene. "I was brought up in Connecticut and I know. Tina has lots more fun than I had. Most of my married friends in the East feel that they must live out of town because of the children. The men knock themselves out commuting twice a day in all kinds of bad weather—just so the children can be happy. The children would be much happier on the streets of New York."

Tina, unlike her mother, is a great one for telephones. The afternoon I spent with Gene, Tina was constantly on the phone—she holds it like a mike—talking, in some strange language, to the neighborhood kids. "That child will grow up to be an actress and win an Academy Award," I predicted. The fact that she keeps the phone off the hook for hours at a time *(no calls can come through)* doesn't disturb Gene in the least. "I inherit my dislike of phones from my grandfather Taylor," she said. "He used to say, 'I'll never have one of those contraptions in my house.' The only house on the 103rd Street block that didn't have a phone was the Taylor's."

When Tina hears the phone ring she picks it up, if it's within her reach, and says "Goodbye." Which throws Gene's callers into complete confusion, often causing them to hang up. Which, secretly, is all right with Gene.

As an aftermath of the War *(Gene was a devoted war wife and followed her husband to Fort Riley, Kansas),* she is strictly anti-waste. Waste of anything. But especially food. When she splurges on leg of lamb, turkey, or a suckling roast pig, she figures on it lasting through the week. With her herbs, which Oleg taught her to use, she can do amazing things with left-overs. As for perishable foods, well, she has a dreadful confession to make. "Before I go to bed at night I eat up the things in the Frigidaire that are likely to spoil. I should be as big as a horse." Needless to say she isn't. She weighs a neat and becoming 112 pounds. She lost ten pounds while she was in England last year making "Night And The City" with Richard Widmark. Undoubtedly because there were no Frigidaires to raid.

Flattery is a number-one attention get-

ter with most movie stars. Gene, it seems, is an exception. If you want her undivided attention don't tell her how beautiful and talented she is. Just tell her about a new dish. At a recent gathering, so she relates with a laugh at herself, her mind was on something a million miles away. Out of the blue she heard someone say, "stuffed breast of veal," and back she was by jet propulsion. "I never heard of stuffed breast of veal before," she said. "I made this girl tell me all about it. It's delicious, and very inexpensive."

The Cassinis have a nurse for Tina and a maid to do the cleaning and cooking. On her nights off Gene and Oleg take turns doing the cooking. The *piece de resistance* of the House of Cassini is spaghetti. Oleg makes it divinely.

Movie stars, whether they like to believe it or not, are considered very slow pay by the shopkeepers and professional people of Hollywood. Bills just don't get paid on time, often not until the curt "or else" letter arrives. Well, that's beginning to be old hat, and old Hollywood, too. The youngsters today have a lot more responsibility. But Gene, from the day she hit town, has insisted upon paying everything immediately. She's probably the best credit risk in Hollywood, if she wanted credit. "I've never owed anyone five cents," she said. "When I first came to Hollywood, $500 would have made a great difference in my life. It never occurred to me that I could borrow it."

Her secretary once said to her, "Miss Tierney, you've got to wait until the bills come in before you can pay them." That came as news to Gene.

One of Gene's inconsistencies is that she will spend money freely on furniture and antique silver, but she won't spend it on cars, furs or jewelry. She goes over her bills carefully, knows to a decimal what her bank balance is, and she never, never gambles. "Sometimes I think I overdo this economy thing," she said with a laugh. "For instance, Oleg and I had been planning a trip to Europe ever since we were married. But I always said, 'Someday the studio will send me to Europe to make a picture, and I'll get my expenses paid.' Well . . . they did send me to England last year to make 'Night And The City.' Oleg came over and had a fine time on the Continent. But I was kept so busy in London that I only had three days for fun and sightseeing. Served me jolly well right."

Like all movie stars, and even as you and I, Gene gets clipped by the income tax people. What she has managed to salvage she has invested wisely in real estate—an apartment in New York, now rented, a small home near Westport, Connecticut, now rented, and the Hollywood house.

Gene stirred up quite a commotion several years ago when she announced she would live in New York and only come to Hollywood when she was making a picture. At that time she was erroneously quoted as casting aspersions on Hollywood—biting the hand that fed her. Her reason for living in New York was to be with her husband whose wholesale dress manufacturing business is situated there.

"Oleg's business is now doing well," said Gene. "He is the designer, so he only needs to be in New York to create the gowns, and for press showings. His partner can handle the business end, so he can be in Hollywood more often. I have to confess that I used to like this commuting between New York and Hollywood. It was exciting and stimulating. But now I am content to stay in Hollywood. It will be our permanent home. My husband and I think the constant traveling we have been doing this past year is bad for Tina. She needs the sense of security a permanent home gives her. Home to children means not only the familiar faces of their parents, but familiar suroundings, familiar friends. Tina is a happy, friendly child. We certainly don't want her to grow up to be a neurotic." Gene fondly regarded her offspring who was reaching again for the telephone. "Look at those legs. They are beautiful and graceful. Betty Grable legs."

Gene thinks that her major faults have stemmed from the fact that she has too much energy. "I overplay the running around," she says. "I've had secretaries tell me that they age ten years while working for me. I used to make a mountain out of every molehill I met. But I'm quieting down now."

As a result of this quieting down she rarely talks in her sleep these nights. And, at one time, she was the best little sleep-talker this side of the Rockies. "I used to talk in my sleep about things I had on my mind. Things that worried me. Oleg used to say, 'You must get that off your mind before you go to bed tonight. I don't want to go through it again.'"

Gene learned quite a few things about taking life more casually from the English while she was over there making "Night And The City." One day she was riding in a taxi. A truck in front stopped suddenly for a traffic light, and the taxi and truck locked bumpers. Being a New Yorker, Gene braced herself for a fine explosion of colorful language. To her complete bafflement she heard the taxi driver say, "So sorry, old chap." And the truck driver respond with, "Quite all right, old man."

In her newest picture, "Where The Sidewalk Ends," Gene plays a fashion model for the first time on the screen. She was never a model in real life. She plays a girl who makes her living modelling for a Seventh Avenue, New York, wholesale dress manufacturer. At Director Otto Preminger's suggestion, Oleg plays a brief scene in the picture as a dress designer. *(When he saw the rushes his comment was, "As an actor I'm a good designer.")* As a Cassini model in the film. Gene wears the year's most risque evening gown—of American Beauty red Lyons velvet. It's off the shoulder and it's figure hugging. Preminger calls it "a dangerous dress." "The danger," says Gene, "is walking in it."

Gene loathes nicknames. No one has ever called her "Genie"—not more than once. The reason she spells it Gene instead of Jean is that she was named after an uncle who was supposed to leave her a lot of money, but didn't. Studios have never been able to persuade her to change her name or the color of her hair. If she has to be a blonde in a film she wears



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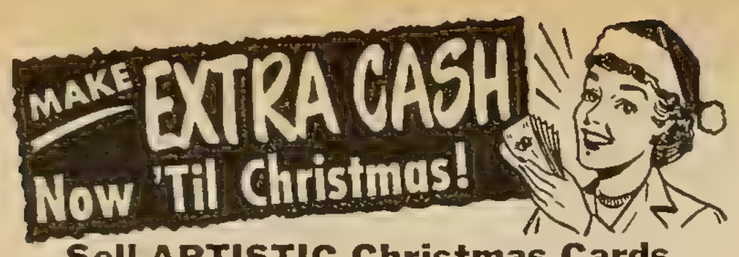
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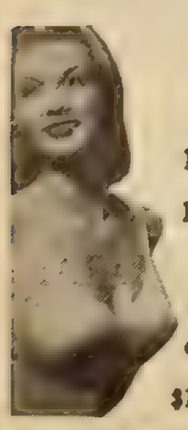
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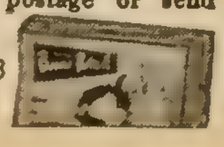
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a wig. She loves the scent of expensive perfumes, but she also likes to smell gasoline and furniture polish. She likes simplicity in her clothes and her coiffures, just as she does in her home. She likes to invent things. But before she can get around to contacting the patent office she invariably learns that her invention has "just been put on the market." She thinks her husband is the best dancer in captivity. "As smooth as maple syrup on pancakes," she describes his dancing. Their romance started the first time he asked her to dance. She likes to dance, and as soon as she has time she is planning to take a course in ballet dancing.

She has one autographed picture from an actor, and only one. It's from Dana Andrews, and he wrote on it: "To Gene . . . with whom I've spent half my movie life with great pleasure, not to mention profit! Love and kisses, Dana."

I'm Not A Playboy!

Continued from page 40

boys actually rate the title or whether they're gay blades in the minds of press agents and columnists only. Perhaps they enjoy the reputation. They're welcome to it. But this is to serve notice that I want to be left out of the whole thing.

I have a pretty good idea of the reason for it all. Recently, I was picked by a group of models as one of the "ten most eligible bachelors." I was amused, even a little bit flattered, even though at the time of the announcement I hardly qualified to be "an eligible bachelor," since my divorce was not yet final. Even so, I enjoyed the good-natured kidding of my friends—Cesar Romero, a perfectly real "eligible bachelor" who wasn't selected by the girls, for one, gave me quite a riding. I accepted an invitation to meet the Barbizon models who had written up the list—and got a kick out of it. Then I forgot the whole thing. But obviously the columnists and press agents didn't.

I was in New York, I was "eligible"—and so they used me. The truth of it is that I was in New York because I'm very serious about my career. Last Summer, I went East to do some stock. You've heard of all the usual cliches that are apt to be spouted by a screen actor coming back to the stage—all the things about the thrill of working before a live audience, the electricity of establishing communication and response right there where you can feel it, the wonderful thing of building a character in a sustained and uninterrupted continuity, rather than doing totally unrelated scenes in no sequence as you do on the screen. Cliches or not, I fell for them all in that one Summer session. I'm determined to do a Broadway show and now, at last, I think I have one. I'm excited about it—it's a hell of a script—but I'm not free to give any more details about that now. However, as rehearsals don't start for a few months, I have come back to do a picture.

I learned another thing about myself with that trip East. When I found I needed some work on my speaking voice—just enough to enable me to project a bit more than I had been accustomed—I went to a teacher who had been highly recommended. A couple of lessons took care of my problems, but I found, completely by accident, that I might have a singing voice, if it could be trained. Outside of bathtub arias and a brief necessity job as a crooner in Miami several years ago, I'd never even thought of singing.

But the idea rather intrigued me and so I took some lessons. Now, what started out as almost a hobby has become a very serious project with me. Right or wrong, I'm convinced I have a voice and I hope my enthusiasm isn't running away with me when I say that it is building and developing every day. My teacher, Vera Murray Covert, is a brilliant woman—ask Jose Ferrer or any of the dozens of other Broadway luminaries who work with her.

And she is also a completely honest woman. I have seen her turn down prospective pupils and release others who have been working with her because she refuses to kid them along when she knows that their voices will never be more than mediocre. The very fact that she believes in my voice, and that other people whose opinion I respect seem to agree with her makes me confident that it's worth working for. I do work—seriously, hard and every day. Doesn't give me much time for being the man about town.

Granted New York gives you plenty of opportunities for the gay life. Once upon a time, I might have taken them, not now. I realize that I am at the point in my career where nothing will suffice except intense, honest work.

Before the War, I was riding the crest of the wave at MGM. I made some pictures of which I was proud—"I'll Wait For You," "Somewhere I'll Find You," "The Get Away" and a couple of others. Other times, I was more conventionally cast—the clean-cut young juvenile who lost Lana Turner to Gable or Taylor, or tried to make time with Garbo. But I didn't worry much about my roles. Anything they gave me was all right with me. I was young and getting my first taste of that heady Hollywood fame.

During the War, I had a chance to mature, to grow up. I realized that there was neither any artistic satisfaction nor stability in playing the same succession of romantic juvenile leads.

The War over, I returned to the studio determined to break with those roles. I held off until a part came along with some teeth—a role which offered more than just another of those things. The picture was

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Are you as lovely as you can be?

See page 15

"The Secret Heart" with Claudette Colbert and June Allyson. I played Claudette's step-son and June was my sister whose brooding over her father's death had made her a confused neurotic. My part was that of a sort of steadying influence — the understanding older brother who knows the truth about his father, realizes the tragedy in the life of his sister but realizes also the sacrifice of his step-mother. It was a rewarding role and I was happy to do it.

I left MGM when Dore Schary, for whom I have tremendous admiration, brought me over to RKO. I passed over certain scripts which were lined up for me, but finally settled on "Roughshod," which gave me a chance to establish an entirely new type of characterization. It was a Western, but, I felt, a completely off-the-beaten-track Western. The writing had some guts, so did the direction of Mark Robson, who also made "Champion" and "Home Of The Brave."

My role was a far cry from the routine romantic leads I had played before. I was a horse wrangler, bearded and unkempt, and the picture dealt with my relationships to three people—my young brother, a saloon girl who had attached herself to me, and an escaped convict who had sworn to kill me. I don't think "Roughshod" completely lived up to its promise. But I do feel it was an honest and effective attempt and that playing a completely alien role was an important thing for me.

My next picture, "The Sundowners," was interesting, too. I enjoyed working with John Barrymore, Jr. I was a great admirer of his father and was glad to have been in on the debut of his son. And it was my first Technicolor movie.

Now I'm back doing another entirely different type of role. In RKO's "Bunco Squad," I'm a young cop who goes after the racketeers who prey on the people with a belief in, or fear of, the supernatural. It isn't a big picture, but it's different and, I think, exciting.

It was between these pictures that I came East and fell under the spell of the stage. I've envied and admired people like Hank Fonda, Madeleine Carroll, Marsha Hunt, Rex Harrison, Johnny *(Arthur)* Kennedy, Cam Mitchell, Lee J. Cobb, Anne Jeffreys, Patricia Morison, June Lockhart, Charles Boyer, Nina Foch and others who have given the lie to those critics who were always so ready to leap upon the back of a Hollywood personality who dared try his luck on the stage. Maybe they'll leap on me. But I'm determined to give them the opportunity.

I've turned down a lot of scripts. On the other hand, I'll admit I have been turned down myself for a couple of roles that I would have given my two front teeth to play. In both cases, it was the same story. They know me as a Hollywood leading man and were afraid to give me a chance at a role requiring some characterization. Regular features can be a tremendous handicap. But that's a handicap I'll have to break down myself with the help of a director or producer like Schary who will give me a chance to try.

The thing I can't fight is the opinion I heard expressed by one producer. "He's right for the part, of course," I was told he had said, "but he's just in New York to have a ball." In other words—just a playboy.

Playboy, hell. My typical day in New York goes something like this. I arise around eight, have my grapefruit and coffee, and then spend about an hour exercising and vocalizing. I walk over to the other end of town—I do a lot of walking in New York—to take my voice lessons.

Luncheon is generally a business thing —an interview or a meeting with someone who has a play or television idea to discuss. The afternoon means more studying, more practice, reading scripts, rehearsing if I'm going to do a radio or television show, working with the New York publicity department on advance publicity for a picture or, when a rare opportunity presents itself, getting in a round of golf.

Recreation? A big night on the town is going out with friends to a movie or over to somebody's apartment to play records or look at television. When friends from the coast, like Zack Scott, "Butch" Romero, Craig Stevens and Alexis Smith, come into town I may join them for a round of night-clubbing. Otherwise, no. I hate the places.

I have three favorite haunts in New York—and I don't think one of them is a typical playboy spot. I go to a restaurant called Danny's Hideaway because I think it has just about the best food in town and because I think Danny is a hell of a swell little guy.

I'm fond of the Cub Room at the Stork —again because I like the food and because I consider Sherman Billingsley the finest host in the country. I like to go in there, sit around with Sherm and other friends and just talk—good, stimulating, friendly conversation.

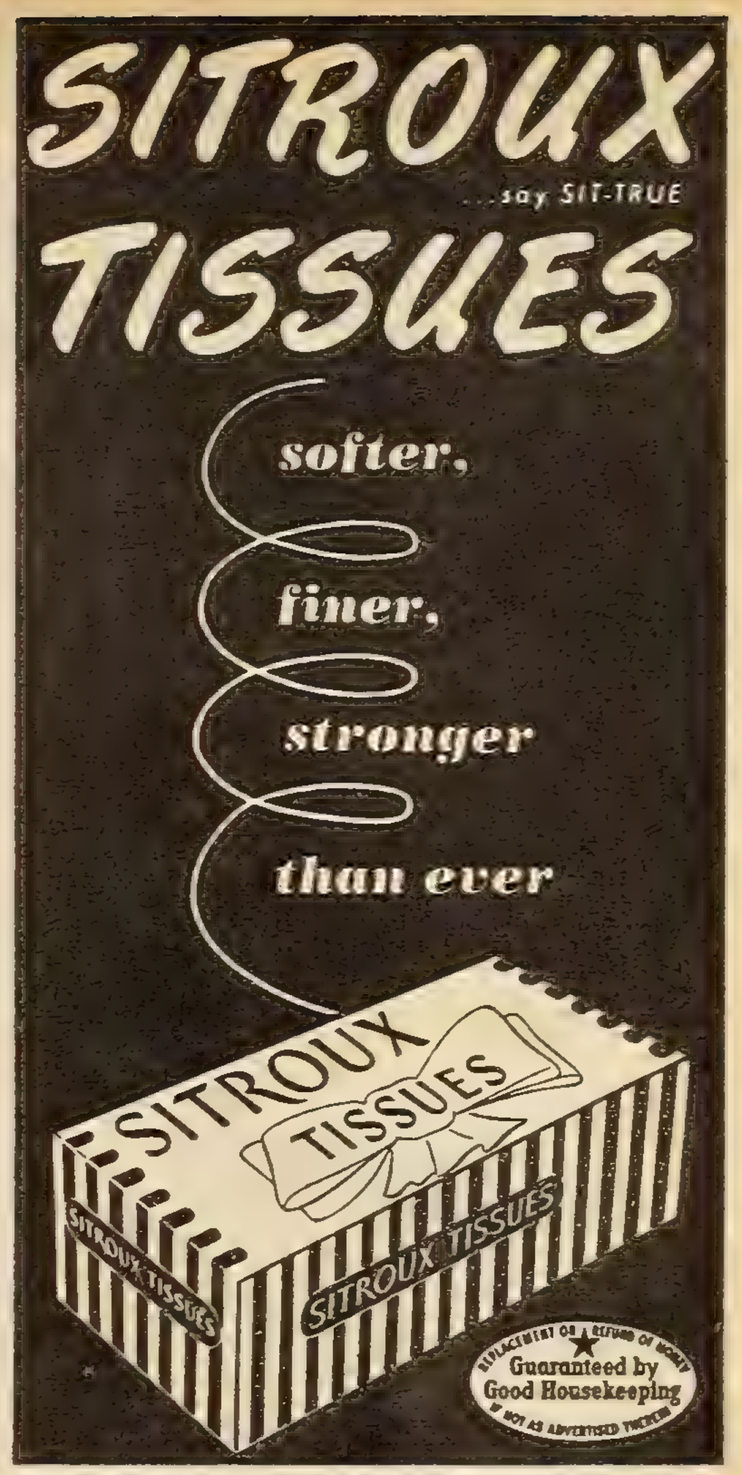
My third hangout is a little Third Avenue bar called Glennon's—probably the dirtiest, most cluttered, unglamourous little Third Avenue bar of them all. But Glennon's has good draft beer and, although it has its regular sprinkling of celebrities, it also has the "regulars"—some of the most wonderful characters I have ever met. I know of no other place with quite its atmosphere.

I'm not trying to disparage the El Moroccos and the glamour spots where white ties and orchids are in bloom. They're just not for me. I have no interest in them. I haven't time for them.

Girls? Sure, I go out on dates every so often. I've dated three or four different girls in New York. All of them are good companions, all of them have lives of their own. And all of them are too busy to waste their time with playboys.

I think it might be fun sometime to take a month or two off and live on a diet of champagne, rumbas and blondes. But I don't see any open time for it for a couple of decades or so.

So let's lose that "playboy" label. I work hard and I'm serious about it. I've never felt the urge to wear sweat shirts and dungarees, stop speaking to people, sit in the corner alone playing bongo drums or doing such things to prove that I'm eccentric and therefore artistic and a hell of an actor. But isn't there a happy medium? I'd love to find it.



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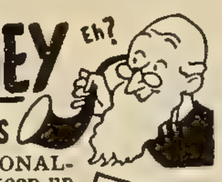


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Should A Woman Tell Her Past?

Continued from page 42

the slate can be cleaned.

What if you shock the man you can love with your straightforward sincerity? Suppose this means losing him because he can't take it? I have my answer for that!

In the film "Three Secrets," this heartbreaking choice pitilessly plagues Patricia Neal, Eleanor Parker and the character I play. Each of us has stumbled into living a lie because we hadn't dared remain our actual selves.

As the picture opens you will see a plane crash on a towering ledge in the High Sierras. A five-year-old boy is trapped, the sole survivor. His foster parents are killed in the wreck. While the rescue parties are being formed, an energetic reporter tries in vain to discover, from an adoption home, who the real parents of little *Johnny* are.

We three women are most jarred by the radio flashes about the isolated boy. For each of us is sure *Johnny* is our own son, given to that home.

The apparently successful, sophisticated newspaperwoman Pat portrays remembers with a pang what a fool she'd been to spoil her marriage. She'd been more concerned with bouncing around the world after news scoops than in creating a genuine home for her husband. Two weeks after he divorced her, she learned she was an expectant mother. She could have asked him for a second chance. Instead, the immature sort of pride that makes women suffer made her hide the child's existence from both his father and herself. She's been a lonely career girl ever since.

The outwardly happily married wife Eleanor Parker enacts had fallen in love during the War with a lieutenant. They'd planned to marry, but had been torn apart too abruptly. When she had a baby she listened to her mother's insistence that it be given away quietly. She'd never gotten up enough nerve to tell the man who became her husband about her illegitimate child. She never can have another one, and now getting her own boy back is an overwhelming need. But, she torments herself, how can she face her husband with such a confession?

The emotional impact on me when I think *Johnny* is my son is equally dramatic. According to the script, I'd impulsively followed my racketeer lover, and when he walked out on me I'd killed him. I had had my baby in prison, and had experienced the sorrow of giving him up so he would have a decent home.

We three women recognize one another as having been together on the same day almost five years ago, at the adoption home the newspapers have tracked down. Now we meet as unexpectedly again, at the mountain lodge that is jammed with broadcasters and mere strangers worrying over whether *Johnny* can be reached in time to be found alive. Desperately, we await word. We clutch at the hope of reshaping our futures. If he is all right, we know that whichever one of us is his mother is through with deceit.

I believe it's going to be one of the most touching films Hollywood has ever made. From this viewpoint, I'm thrilled to be in it, you can bet.

But, in my private opinion, what a terrible mistake all three women committed when they let themselves in for such deals!

I really have to act my role, forget Ruth Roman and put myself into the mood of this part written for me, because I never, never would do what my character in this picture does.

I'm attracted only to men who are climbing impatiently in a profession I can admire. Since I'm wrapped up in show business, I'm actually interested only in men who are making a name in something related to it. So a racketeer could never dent my dreams. Automatically, he'd strike me as a misdirected, not-for-me soul.

When a girl becomes aware of what she is herself, and of what she wants, she saves herself feelings of futility and a sad waste of her possibilities. When I fall in love, I'll marry the man. Or brush him out of my life fast. I think a girl is crazy to attempt compromises. He will hear loud wedding bells ringing in his ears the moment he becomes sufficiently serious, that male on my horizon.

I'll take a chance on love, of course. It is a gamble, and I'm a great gambler at heart. But taking a big chance, to me, invariably means being brave enough to be the real me, in any situation from the very beginning.

I haven't done anything I have to hide from a man, so I have no awful chapter, no self-deception pushed down into the depths of my subconscious. But if I had done something dreadfully wrong, I still certainly would not keep it from the man I could love. A husband deserves to know everything of any importance about his wife. And shouldn't be bored with trifles. *(Naturally, this works both ways!)*

To me it is unforgivable for a woman to marry as the Eleanor Parker character in our film has. Before she accepted the man's proposal, she should have told him about her unfortunate love affair, and what she'd done about her baby. If he would have been horrified, then he wasn't worth marrying. Perhaps she underestimated him, on the other hand. The partner who's meant for you will stick by you from the start. In the good kind of a union you can tell the whole truth, and you can cherish the intimate confidences you will receive in return. You never condescendingly forgive. You simply understand and share.

If I suspect a man disapproves of any of my preferences or habits, or will be upset by anything I have done in my past, I deliberately let him become thoroughly positive about the facts the next time I meet him. I never settle for less than direct outspokenness in a friendship of any degree. Then it is obvious to both of us we aren't meant to even enjoy one another's company, much less get romantic.

When I hear of women building fearfully on lies, on pretenses they are forced to maintain, I once more thank my mother for the conditioning she gave me. My mother taught me to flee from fraud by being fair with me, always. I recall an incident when I was ten that cinched this streak in me. I had been laughing in class. The teacher ordered the guilty one to stand up. Before I could, someone squealed on me. I had my hands slapped fiercely thirty times by that mean teacher. They were so swollen my mother was enraged and hurried to school the following morning to protest such cruelty. However, I'm glad for that episode, glad I discovered early that the slightest hesitance with the truth only brings suffering. Ever since, when anyone asks me what I did I get right up and state all pertinent details. Then—I relax!

I'm not preaching bluntness. Tact is one form of charm we all can employ daily. And I recognize that circumstances may produce a pressure that temporarily will warp one's judgment, so I don't condemn.

But I don't stay with people to whom I'd have to lie. Their vanity ruins respect. Until I can escape, I'm entertained watching them make idiots of themselves. If they're fooling others for awhile, they're also kidding themselves that they can get away with the pose. That's dumb in my opinion, for no one has been clever enough to invent the perfect, lasting lie yet. When they're fabricating their false front they are ill at ease underneath their surface flair. They never can be sure whether or not the listener knows better. Listeners sometimes are maliciously tactful on the outside, while laughing hysterically inwardly.

On my first date with a man I frequently tell him I was married and divorced in my mid-teens. This isn't publicized, because I don't want to be advertised in that manner. But I've never denied it when asked. I believe any man I date should be correctly informed, so he will be conscious I'm not full of nothing more than girlish theories about what love means to me. I explain it was one of those adolescent things that didn't pan out, back in my home town of Boston.

I don't claim I descended from aristocratic Beacon Hill, either. I tell everyone the truth, that I was born and grew up in the tough West End. My father was a carnival barker, and after he died we were really poor. I have gaps in my education that are funny to people, because I hated school and played hookey oftener than anyone else on my block. I was a terrific tomboy until I got into plays at neighborhood settlement houses. That led to bits in little theatres and a scholarship at a dramatic school.

The other day I heard my name was up in lights on Broadway, for the first time. I instantly wrote a pal in New York to take a snapshot of the marquee for me. I haven't been able to go back on a vacation. But in my past is the memory of gaily going alone to New York from Boston, at seventeen. I proceeded to fail during the three years I devoted to getting on the Broadway stage. Many Hollywood actresses can boast of an illustrious prelude in the theatre. I can't, and I told the powers-that-be in Hollywood so when they asked for references. In Manhattan I earned an average of nine dollars a week, and lived on that. I had jobs as a waitress, soda jerk, candy salesgirl in a theatre lobby, and as a night club photographer.

When I finally saved two hundred dollars, by modeling for the gruesome covers of detective magazines, I spent ninety-six dollars for my ticket to Hollywood, and four dollars on food en route. I had no contract, no agent, no connections. But when I arrived I did have three outfits in my pasteboard suitcase, one hundred dollars in cash, and a determination to rise.

I've seen a studio biography which states: "Only a few times in motion picture history has a young actress won herself so much attention and such important roles on such short notice." They're not kidding *me*. I clerked in a store here at first. I walked to the studios. I didn't have bus fare. But I like walking, freakish as that makes me here. I was here more than three years before I got before the cameras, and then I barged into an office so I could be "noticed" unmistakably.

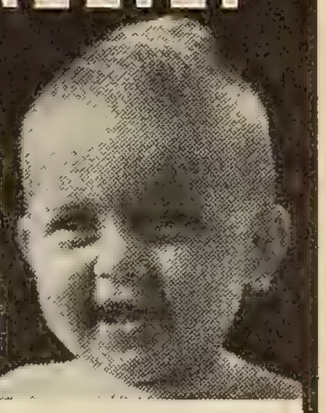
I've no finishing school past. Rather, ours was a swell gang of ambitious girls in the Hollywood boarding house that I stayed in my first three-and-a-half years. I still see those girls, and talk to Marie Cote, the wonderful woman who runs that haven, nearly every day by phone. They all recall my getting a contract at Selznick, where for a year-and-a-half I was assigned nothing. And then I was at Paramount for an idle six months. To be precise, I was interviewed for sixty-three roles before I landed my first one. Hollywood saw *me* and swooned?

It dynamites the traditional struggle story to say I was never sorry for myself. But I must say it. My career—when it was nonexistent to the human eye and now—is like a chess game to me. I'm thankful mine isn't a lavish past, for getting somewhere is what excites me. I've always shrugged off disappointments, sensing it just wasn't the right move. I always felt I couldn't lose forever. Anybody can figure out that if you keep trying one day you'll win.

It's also a blow to Hollywood hooey to say you don't have to put on airs here. But I know this is so. If a date complimented me on a dress I'd borrowed from another girl, I'd say, "Thanks, but it really isn't mine, you know!" I don't have to assume absurd elegance with today's dates, with Stewart Granger or Ronald Reagan, for example. They're distressed by false pride.

Maybe some men must date fragile females to feel dominant. They're not for me. My dates must be brilliant and ultra-virile, must truly be able to intrigue me. I don't go into a clinging-vine routine. I never tire, have the constitution of a rhinoceros. At tennis, I wallop with my racket. If I can't do something, Lady, I learn how. When I was signed for my first Western, I'd never been on a horse except a wooden one on a merry-go-round. The picture started in two days. I took a concentrated, two-day course in horsemanship and could jump on and off

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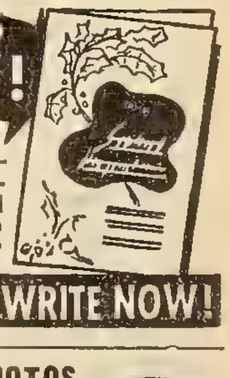
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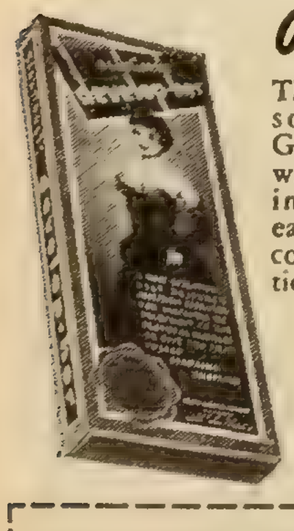
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and ride in the stampede shots in rodeo style. When I must cry in a close-up I don't wail for drops to induce tears, or for mood music. I ask if they want me to cry with the eye closest to the camera. Then I cry with it, and rest the other. An actress should acquire muscle control.

Men hate women who talk incessantly, it's said. I talk on and on, and have male listeners. Their only complaint is that I don't bother establishing my cast in the situation I'm discussing, so for ten minutes they're in a smog. Men don't mind mechanically able women, I guarantee you. I'm in this group because in my past I had to even fix a motor. My first car in Hollywood was a beat-up, ten-year-old roadster. For a couple of years here I had to find twenty different ways to start it, because it had the world's most feeble battery. I could coax it along with practically no gas, too, because I had to.

I've no mink coat, but I've just earned my first house. I wouldn't hire a fashionable decorator. I admit I've had no decorating training other than peering into store windows and pouring through home beautiful magazines. That's why I'm so tickled at praise for the way I've done my living-room. I can't wait to tackle the bedroom. And I've saved about forty per cent on the cost by buying my furnishings through the studio's purchasing department.

I tell my past, when anyone asks me about it, so all my energy can zoom into living today to the hilt!

Dark Days For Derek

Continued from page 47

breaks before—and won the public's fancy for his work in that, it seemed that everything finally was set for John. It was announced that his studio, Columbia, had bought a football story, "The Hero," as a starring vehicle for its new find. But it was delayed repeatedly. He was meantime cast as Brod Crawford's spoiled son in "All The King's Men," which was one of the best pictures of the year, but the role did little for Derek.

Then Columbia bought film rights to "The Brave Bulls" and people interested in his career hoped that John would get the role of the younger brother. Even John admits he wanted and looked forward to the role, which is a strong one. But he didn't get it.

It was a painful disappointment at the time but, as John points out, if he had won the part he would have had to go to Mexico for a long location stint and would have been away for a few other important items, including the birth of his son.

Young Russell Andre Derek's advent presented some dark days, too, but happily those also are past. For the first few months of her pregnancy John's wife, Pati Behrs, was fine, then, unaccountably, complications arose and she was ordered to bed. When John and Pati knew a little Derek was on the way they decided

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to move into town to a larger house than their rented beach cottage. They looked for weeks, never did find a house to buy to their liking which was also within their budget and finally rented one. Neither could they afford a full time maid.

Never in his life had John been the least bit domestic. He never even picked up his clothes and as for cooking, he couldn't boil water. Then, with Pati ordered to stay in bed, John assumed responsibility and came through in fine style, according to his friends.

Fortunately John wasn't making a picture most of that time, but he did have to report to the studio for coaching, interviews, photographic sittings and the other items which fill the time of young actors between pictures. He'd get up early, fix breakfast for himself and Pati and tidy the house before he left. Then promptly at 4:30 he would leave the studio to go home and do any necessary chores, plus marketing and fixing dinner. He was genuinely worried about Pati, made a wonderful adjustment to a domestic routine which was completely foreign to him, and it was all a "happy influence," according to a close friend.

Both John and Pati wanted a boy, and just a few days before the baby's birth John told us, "I'm *sure* it's going to be a boy; it's got to be," with quiet intensity. But, oddly, he and Pati had not chosen a name for the expected heir—they didn't even consider the possibility of an heiress, according to John—and didn't name him until a week after his birth. (*The Russell is for Russell Harlan, motion picture camerman and close friend of the family who did much to mold young John's life; Andre is a favorite name in Pati's family.*)

Certainly Pati is responsible for much of the maturity John has acquired in the last two years, beyond her illness which made him assume greater responsibilities. John was strictly a Hollywood product, he had grown up here, had never even been to New York before he started in pictures. His travel, other than in California, had been confined to Texas, the Philippines and Japan—while he was in the Army, which is not exactly the pleasantest or most educational way to travel.

Pati, on the other hand, had the Continental sophistication of a Georgian princess—she shortened her name of Princess Pati Behrs-Eristoff when she went in pictures—born in Turkey and reared in Paris. She was signed by 20th Century-Fox in Europe, brought to Hollywood and met John when they were both in a drama class on that lot. She gave up her acting career after they married to concentrate her efforts on being a wife.

It's difficult for any observer to say precisely what makes a young man develop a singleness of purpose, a tremendous drive in his work, but certainly this has happened to John in the past year, and it is feasible to believe the causes were the disappointments, worries and tribulations which, combined, made him grow up from a devil-may-care to a man of responsibility.

At the moment John is working harder—much harder—at acting. He's determined to be an *actor,* not just a handsome juvenile. All his life he's had to fight against the "Pretty Boy" tag and, fortunately, under the supervision of Russell Harlan, he learned at an early age to do just that. Recently he put everything he had into final tests for "The Hero"—and admitted it, commenting that doing that picture really means so much to him because "Sid Buchman's doing the picture and I want to work with him."

Then he'll go into "The Secret," the story of a self-centered college boy addicted to fast motorcycles who accidentally kills a child. It's a good, gutsy part comparable to his role—although technically unlike it—in "Knock On Any Door," and again will be for Santana Productions, Humphrey Bogart's outfit, to which he's under contract, too, for one picture a year.

John is no *Pollyanna;* he's too realistic and tough for that. (*He's more rugged off screen than on.*) But he has decided, through his more mature thinking, that the dark days in his life have added up to the long-run advantages.

A disrupted, uncertain childhood is not to be regarded as a precise advantage, yet it can offer experience of future value. John's mother and father, both associated with movies, were divorced when he was five. Precarious finances did not add to his security, yet good friend Russell Harlan wisely guided the boy. On John's first brush with the "Pretty Boy" taunt from a school chum, Harlan told John he'd have to learn how to overcome it. He taught him not only to handle his fists but made sure he learned to ride, hunt, fish, swim, even practice judo—so that he would be rugged.

The "Pretty Boy" tag has been an annoyance all his life, yet John realistically realizes now that if he were not handsome he would not have been noticed by a talent scout when he was riding one day. (*Even a whiz of a horseman, which he is, doesn't get a picture bid if he isn't a camera potential!*)

John was only seventeen when he was signed by David O. Selznick, spent most of his time in drama classes and did a couple of "bits" that no one noticed. A year later he was tapped for Army service, saw the Philippines during fighting and Japan with the occupation forces. After he was discharged he went to 20th, where his experience before a camera was limited to one scene in which he was swathed in bandages from head to toe.

"I wasn't exactly happy about going in the Army. Who was?" he challenges. "Not that I worried about an 'interruption in my career,' but I needed the money I was making. But now I know it's probably just as well. I might have been typed if I'd started in pictures then. And I might not have gone to 20th later, then wouldn't have met Pati. It all worked out."

But for another disappointment he might *not* have married Pati. When John went in service he had a crush on a

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young actress, who shall remain nameless, and on his first holiday leave arrived home just before New Year's Eve. He didn't have a date, decided to take a chance and sent the record, "What Are You Going To Do New Year's Eve?" along with flowers and an invitation to said actress, whom he'd never met. He received no acknowledgment and was slightly abashed. Two years later he met her at a party, told of the incident, learned she never received his offering and invitation—she had just moved; John had sent it to her old address.

"Just suppose that date had worked out—then I might not have been interested in Pati when I met *her*, and where would I be now without Pati?" John comments with a sly grin. "Things always work out for me."

Those dark days seem definitely in the Derek past, now. . . .

What Hollywood Itself Is Talking About

Continued from page 20

mies were skulking along the road which the picture company used to drive from Manila to their location at Subic Bay, so the Navy came in and hustled all the actors and crew out of Manila by boat. Seems no one dares venture out at night without an armed escort, so the 20th Century-Fox company all hit the sack before the ten o'clock curfew. Scary, what?

* * *

Elizabeth Taylor's marriage to Nicky Hilton had some far-reaching effects, one being the Glendale neighborhood where Terry Moore lives. Seems Terry's mother designs and makes all her clothes and she recruited all the women in the block to help whip up the pink organdie number which Terry wore to the wedding. Reason so many hands were needed was that there was much cutout embroidery trimmed in sequins and seed pearls, all handwork yet. Young Mr. Hilton gave his bride a very charming trinket as a wedding present—an emerald-diamond-pearl necklace.

* * *

Lanky Jerome Courtland stirred up quite a little excitement when he eloped with Polly Bergin. The two kids met at their singing teacher's, which is as nice a place as any to whip up a romance. The Courtlands took a two-week wedding trip to Oregon and Washington, then it was time to come home because the groom has a fat singing part in Columbia's "When You're Smiling."

* * *

More fun than a bucket of champagne with Dinah Shore and George Montgomery out at their charming ranch in the Valley. Dinah had just returned from doing a big fat television show in New York with Bob Hope. She didn't even stop to buy a handkerchief in the big city—too anxious to get back to that nice guy of hers and the baby. How those two keep their figgers is a large mystery to us. Know what they had for *lunch*—a light snack they call it? Broiled chicken, asparagus, toasted cheese sandwiches, sweet potato pie with whipped cream, and milk yet. You don't hear anything about the Mayo diet, which is the current rage of Hollywood, at the Montgomery-Shore establishment. That little doll of theirs, Missy, is one of the town's cutest kids and, next to her mom and pop, she likes television best.

* * *

Flew down to La Jolla to attend the wedding of Bö Roos, Jr., and pretty Barbara Olson. He's the son of one of our most famous business managers—named, oddly enough, Bö Roos, Sr. After the ceremony, which was lovely, we blitzed over to the Valencia Hotel for a small wedding reception, then hit the road for Hollywood, a change of clothes and the large evening reception in Beverly Hills. In among the several hundred guests scattered around the swimming pool we spied Bill Lundigan, director Leslie Fenton, John Wayne (*who could miss that tall one?*), Edna Skelton with Merrill Pye, and Edna's ex, Frank Borzage, producer Bob Fellowes, Pat Knowles, David Brian and his wife. After the huge and beautiful cake was cut, the youngsters ducked out for Laguna—as if they hadn't already driven enough miles that day. Young love, we always say.

* * *

I'd like to make a small bet with anybody that youth in this town is no different from that in any other. This is based on something I saw happen at U-I the other day. Peggy Dow, one of the studio's young hopefuls, had just bought herself a brand new, shiny Chevrolet sedan and she was dragging everyone within range over to admire it. Another young actress, Peggy Castle, lamped the new driving machine, let out a loud scream of admiration and rushed over to toss in her raves. One by one, the little Dow gal dragged Lucille Barkley, Ann Vernon, Piper Laurie, Lois Andrews and Yvonne De Carlo to the Chevvy and they sounded just like a bunch of girls at a sorority tea. It was kinda cute, and very refreshing.

* * *

Another party that got the young trade was the opening of Wil Wright's new ice cream parlor in Hollywood. Keefe Brasselle slung sodas with the technique of a pro—he used to earn his living thataway. In the mob: Ruth Roman with Stewart Granger, the veddy attractive Britisher, Wanda Hendrix, Dick Long, Piper Laurie, Jeff Chandler, Betty Lynn, Bob Arthur and Marie Windsor. This shore is a wild and woolly town!

* * *

Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman took what may be their last vacation for quite a spell and went fishing up near Grants Pass, Oregon. When they returned they announced they were expecting their third child. And here Paul had just

about convinced Jeanne that she should go with him on a pack-in hunting trip to Utah later in the year. Jeanne doesn't like hunting because she's too tender-hearted, but Paul's got her interested in skeet shooting—and she's darn good, too. This time, says Jeanne, the baby's gotta be a little girl.

* * *

You may not believe this, but, so 'elp us, it's true. Debbie Reynolds, the 18-year-old actress whom MGM is grooming for singing-dancing parts, is the proud possesser of a Chevrolet sedan which is the same vintage as she—a 1932 model. BUT it's probably the jazziest number ever seen in flamboyant Hollywood, so distinctive no one would dare steal it. Get this: it's painted a light blue, has gold six-inch initials on the door. Inside it is furnished in plaid upholstery, sofa pillows, flowered rugs and bud vases. It sports a dragon radiator cap and a tire which loses air every night so the little gal has to stop for a refill each morning on her way from Burbank to Culver City. A little barfy, but amusing—at least Debbie is doing it strictly for laughs.

* * *

One of the most popular new night spots in town is John Walsh's Deauville Club, on the Sunset Strip. It's the sort of intimate bistro type of place with keen food and wonderful entertainment—a double piano team, guest stars, and it features all the latest song hits, sung by the host. It's the favorite hangout of Corinne Calvet and John Bromfield, Guy Madison and Gail Russell, who are inseparables. Also, dancer Paul Valentine and Nancy Kelly find it a good spot for romancing.

Your Guide To Current Films

Continued from page 15

The Furies

Paramount

RAMPAGING personalities are set off every time vast cattle ranch known as *The Furies* is mentioned. Czar of *The Furies*, the late Walter Huston, stops at nothing to keep his empire and strength intact, and his daughter, Barbara Stanwyck, harbors the self-same sentiments. So when widower Huston decides to marry adventuress Judith Anderson, Barbara unleashes her own brand of vengeance. Then there's saloon-owner Wendell Corey, whose father was killed by Huston, who wants to even *that* score. He does at Barbara's expense. Full of hell-fire and brimstone, the screen just about sizzles, especially in the love scenes.

The Asphalt Jungle

MGM

BROODING yarn about gangsters, and a criminal mastermind. Sterling Hayden, a two-bit stickup artist, becomes a partner in "big business" when he, under the tutelage of underworld genius Sam Jaffe, helps pull a jewelry store heist. The haul which is over $100,000 in gems is to be split with Lawyer Louis Calhern, a legal-eagle who is hopelessly in hock. After all the thieving among thieves it's no wonder no one's around to collect the pay-off. Rough and rugged even on the slight touch of romance supplied by Jean Hagen.

Caged

Warner Brothers

BECAUSE Eleanor Parker is a first-offender when she arrives at a state penitentiary, the prison superintendent, Agnes Moorehead, tries to make her realize how important it is to keep from becoming hardened and bitter. Eleanor does her best to follow the advice, but unfortunately a sadistic matron, Hope Emerson, smashes all of Miss Moorehead's work, and Eleanor becomes just like the rest of demoralized inmates.

In A Lonely Place

Columbia

INTENSE psychological drama in which screenwriter Humphrey Bogart blows



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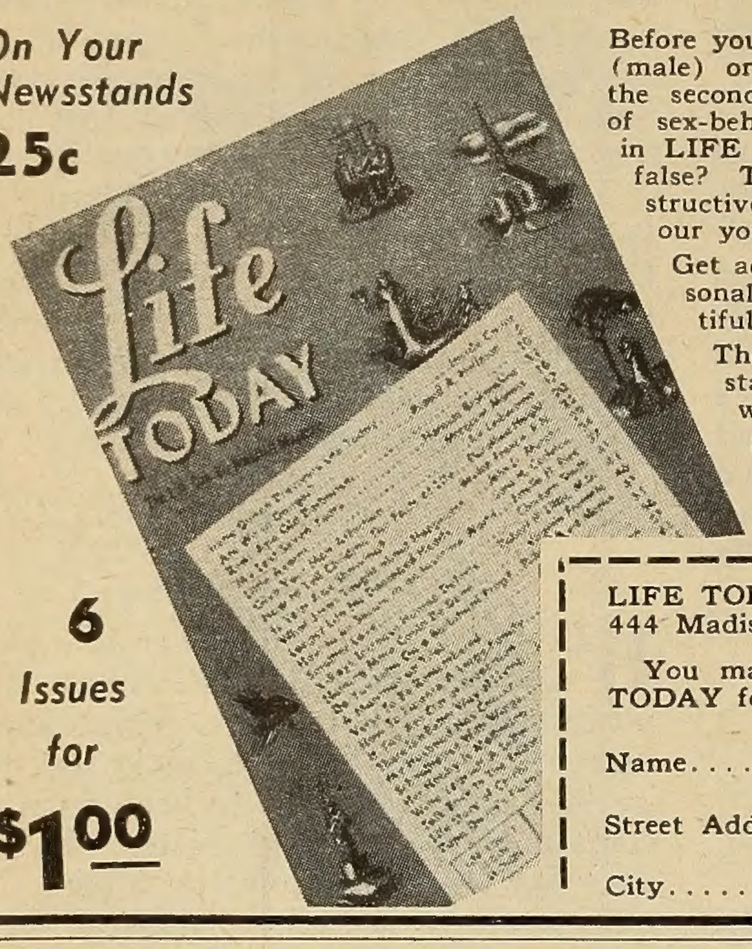
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his top every five minutes or so. Everyone knows Bogart is a strange guy, but a big question is raised as to whether or not he's guilty of killing a girl. Circumstantial evidence points to Bogie and his manner is certainly suspicious. The only person who thinks he's innocent is Gloria Grahame and, eventually, she too has her doubts. Lots of suspense in this one.

The Jackie Robinson Story

Eagle Lion

NEEDS little telling as far as the story is concerned since there's hardly anyone who doesn't know the Brooklyn Dodgers' sensational boy, Jackie Robinson. A warm personal biography of the first colored player to crack the big leagues, this stars Jackie himself in the title role, plus a number of other baseball noteworthies. Though baseball looses something when it goes screenwise, this still has plenty of thrilling diamond moments.

Colt .45
(Technicolor)

Warner Brothers

TRAVELLING gun salesman Randolph Scott gets hijacked by Zachary Scott who steals the only pair of .45s in existence. By the time Randy can catch up with him, Zack has blasted his way through a flock of stagecoach robberies and bank holdups. Things get even more sensational when Randy suspects Ruth Roman of being part of the Zack combine, and the townsfolk suspect Randy of being Zack. Thanks to those .45s though, all the superfluous characters bite the dust leaving a clear field for Randy and Ruth.

Once A Thief

United Artists

HOW rotten a guy can be, is illustrated by Cesar Romero, a bookie who takes poor working girls for all they're worth. He doesn't even give them a chance to bet on horses, they just bet on his being a good, sweet lad and wind up minus every cent they've saved. June Havoc, an ex-shoplifter, gone straight, falls under Cesar's spell, too. When she's broke, he squeals to the police about her former profession, and while June's in jail, makes time with her best friend. His sudden demise, somehow, seems too nice an end for him.

House By The River

Republic

GOOD, solid murder on the eerie side about writer Louis Hayward and his not quite successful attempts to shift the blame of murder onto his brother. Lee Bowman, the brother, knows Hayward killed an attractive servant girl, but to spare Hayward's wife, Jane Wyatt, from scandal, he helps dispose of the body. Blame falls on Bowman when the wood sack in which the body is found is traced to him. Gloomy atmosphere and Hayward's chilling portrayal of a psychopath are tops.

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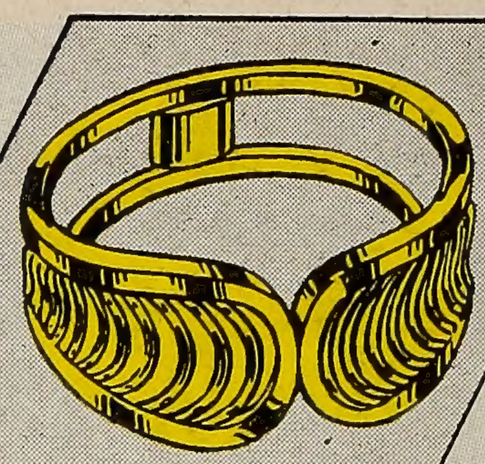
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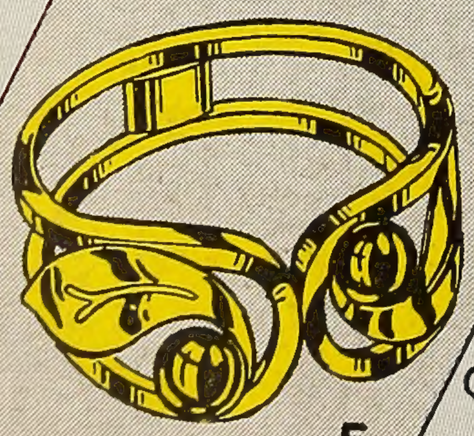
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